

1493. w. 64m

PIZARRO.

THE
SPANIARDS IN PERU;

OR, THE
DEATH OF ROLLA.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS:

BY AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE PLAY PERFORMING

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

UNDER THE TITLE OF

Pizarro

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY ANNE PLUMPTRE,

TRANSLATOR OF KOTZEBUE'S VIRGIN OF THE SUN, &c.

Fifth Edition, revised.

L O N D O N :

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THE

CASTLE OF MONTVAL,

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

By the Rev. T. S. WALLEY,

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS Drama is a continuation of my VIRGIN OF THE SUN. At the suggestion of my friend Schrøder, many trifling alterations have been made from the original manuscript. These, from respect for his modesty, I might have been disposed to pass over in silence, did not more powerful reasons urge their being pointed out. In the first place, the opinion of so excellent a dramatic critic as Schrøder, must always be considered as of great weight, and as giving a sanction to whatever has passed such an ordeal: And secondly, did I not explain how far I am indebted to him, the applause which the Piece has obtained, might excite the envious and malicious to insinuate, that even a greater share of that applause is due to my friend than the reality would justify. Some of the alterations were actually made by Schrøder himself,
others

others were undertaken by me, from hints which he furnished.

Among the former, the principal were the suppression of the scene where Diego is brought as a prisoner into the Spanish camp, which in Schræder's opinion interrupted the general effect of the First Act by a piece of mirth, unseasonably introduced, as having no necessary connection with the rest of the Play ;*—also the omission of a Chorus, and an Air sung by Elvira to the guitar ; and, above all, the removal of one very dark shade from Pizarro's character, who, in the original endeavours, in violation of his word solemnly given, to get Rolla again into his power. The last and most advantageous of Schræder's own alterations, is making Pizarro guess at Elvira's design upon his life, which originally was discovered to him by Rolla in very harsh terms ; a circumstance undoubtedly detracting, in some measure, from the general grandeur of Rolla's character.

* By a mistake of the Printer's, this scene is retained in the publication. *Note by the Author.*

The Translator has also retained it, as not entering into the force of Schræder's objection.

Among

Among my own alterations, made at the suggestion of Schræder, may be noticed the change of Valverde from Pizarro's chaplain to his secretary. To this I was induced from a conviction, that it must invariably excite disgust, to behold, either upon the great theatre of the world itself, or the little theatre, which is only an epitome of the greater, a clergyman of so contemptible a character. It was indeed my intention that this alteration should have been confined to the Stage ; and that in the closet the Priest, who is no fictitious personage, should appear in his native unworthiness : yet at last I had neither time nor inclination to trouble myself farther about such a wretch ; and I therefore let him remain as he now stands.

But the most important change the Piece has undergone, and that for which I feel myself most deeply indebted to the suggestions of my friend, is the elevation of mind now given to Elvira ; and I trust that this character, which doubtless, in the original, approached too nearly to that of a common prostitute, will in its present form excite both compassion and admiration.

Some

Some other alterations proposed by Schræder, I declined to adopt, since they appeared dictated by no other principle than a mistaken compliance with the times. As for instance, the omission of that passage where I notice the Papal Bulls, by one of which America was granted to the Spaniards, and by the other the Indians were determined to be *Men*, not *Apes*,—as well as that wherein I mention the Thirteen Indians who were hung in honour of Christ and his Apostles. These are historical facts, which I can see no solid reason against introducing upon the Stage.*

* The Translator has omitted the remainder of the Preface; as it has no relation to the present work, but refers entirely to two other of the Author's Dramas, its insertion appeared superfluous.



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A TRAGEDY,

By the Rev. T. S. WHALLEY,

As performed at DRURY LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ATALIBA, *King of Quito.*

ROLLA,

ALONZO DE MOLINA, } *Generals in the Peruvian Army.*

CORA, *Wife to Alonzo.*

PIZARRO, *General of the Spanish Army.*

ELVIRA, *his Mistress.*

ALMAGRO,

GONZALO,

DAVILA,

GOMEZ,

} *Officers in the Spanish Army.*

VALVERDE, *Secretary to Pizarro.*

LAS-CASAS, *a Dominican Friar.*

DIEGO, *Attendant on Molina.*

An OLD CAZIQUE.

An OLD MAN.

A BOY.

A COURTIER.

SPANISH SOLDIERS, PERUVIAN SOLDIERS, PRIESTS,

COURTIERS, WOMEN, and CHILDREN.



THE
SPANIARDS IN PERU;
OR THE
DEATH OF ROLLA,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The inside of PIZARRO'S Tent in the Spanish Camp.*

ELVIRA in Man's Apparel, sleeping upon a Couch.
VALVERDE enters softly, looks at her passionately for a few Moments, then kneels by her, and kisses her Hand as it hangs down. ELVIRA wakes, and casts upon him a Look of pointed Indignation.

VALVERDE.

FORGIVE the effect of your charms.

Elvira. Oh wonderful!—that you should be likely to perform a miracle.

Valverde. A miracle!—What miracle?

Elvira. No less than to set a woman at variance with her own beauty.

Valverde. You are very severe.

Elvira. Why did you disturb my dreams?—they were so pleasing!

Valverde. Of what were you dreaming?

Elvira. That I saw you hanging.

B

Valverde,

Valverde. How long will Elvira revile my love?

Elvira. Your love!—Who would give so honourable an appellation to a sentiment so spurious and base?—Between ourselves, Valverde, when you talk of love, you resemble a beggar asking alms, and then snatching the purse from the hand that was about to relieve him, while at the same time he invoked God's blessing upon the charity.

Valverde. What dare not a lovely woman say?

Elvira. What dare not a coxcomb do?—Who gave you leave to come and disturb my sleep?—Is it not enough, that I am waked every night by the rattle of drums?—And yet I had rather that my ears were tormented, than my eyes.

Valverde. You are perfect mistress of the art of trying a man's patience.

Elvira. Would you wish Pizarro to be informed of your proceedings?

Valverde. Rather tell me by what spell Pizarro holds you in such bondage? His eyes are wild and staring, his beard is shaggy and uncombed—he is a hypocrite in friendship, a tyrant in love.—

Elvira. Hold!—this funeral sermon is premature!—remember he is not yet dead.

Valverde. Rough and unpolished, both in body and mind—a driver of swine in his youth, he now rules men as if they were swine.

Elvira. He shews by this that he knows them accurately.

Valverde. Ignorant as an Andalusian mule-driver, this mighty hero cannot even read or write.

Elvira. My good friend, a woman devoted to love, concerns herself little whether the object of her passion be learned or illiterate, for love is only written in the heart, and is to be read only in the eyes. Valour will much more easily enchain the soul of a woman than learning. Pizarro fights with the sword, you with the pen—he spills blood, you only spill ink.

Valverde. I do not find that we have been hitherto much benefited by the effusion of either.

Elvira. Nor would all the ink ever consumed by you, have enabled Nugnez Balboa to discover the South Sea;
Still



still less would studying the propositions of Aristotle have inspired Pizarro and Almagro with spirit to fit out their frail vessel and encounter so many dangers; but you might have remained groveling amid the dust of the schools, while I had been immured in a convent.

Valverde. It yet remains a question, whether we are gainers or losers by our present altered situations.

Elvira. Monastic uniformity! The slumber of a marmot! Heaven preserve me from such a life!

Valverde. This is always the case with women—they are never contented without eminence. Splendid misery is more welcome to them, than calm repose and domestic happiness.

Elvira. Do you know what is, above all things, their aversion? The intrusive babble of a preacher of common sayings.

Valverde. Scoff as you please, madam, while the sun continues to shine, but when the thunder rolls you may be awed—and that moment is perhaps not far distant.

Elvira. (*Scornfully*) Valverde turning prophet!—on what foundation may he build his dark oracles?

Valverde. Are we not in a foreign land, where death lies in ambush for us, in every new plant, in every unknown fruit hunger may impel us to taste,—and where those whom the sword spares, perish from being unaccustomed to the climate. Our numbers are daily diminishing.

Elvira. Is not that a benefit to us?—since the survivors are their heirs.

Valverde. There is the point—you are led away by your rapacity.

Elvira. And by what principle is Valverde led away? Do you suppose, that I cannot discern the wolf, because he imitates the bleating of the sheep?—Do you imagine it possible to veil the rogue from the eyes of a woman?—Away, away! believe me, that throughout the whole camp, not one person will be found who speaks his genuine sentiments—Las-Casas excepted.

Valverde. Name not that fanatic, with his visions of humanity and toleration.

Elvira. Name him not!—know, that there are moments, when the visions of this old man impress my heart so powerfully, that I could even kiss his grey beard; nor can I find any means of effacing the impression again, but by devoting the night to revelry.

Valverde. Shame on thee!

Elvira. Ah! had I but been blessed with an earlier knowledge of him, who can say what might have been my fate!

Valverde. A holy enthusiast in the cause of his beloved humanity, as it is pleased to style itself. And indeed nothing so easily leads men into enthusiasm, as a fine sounding word, which has no definite idea. The imagination groans, and the martyr is instantly born.

Elvira. Valverde a philosopher, too?

Valverde. Does that displease you?—Well, then, let us descend from the clouds of philosophy, to wander amid the flowers of love.

Elvira. They would wither beneath your footsteps. In short, groveler, if ever you hope to gain Elvira's love you must throw away your pen, grasp a sword, and achieve some illustrious action.

Valverde. What mighty actions has Pizarro achieved?

Elvira. Ask both the old and the new world. By the force of his own talents, he has raised himself from the low station of a swine-driver, to the exalted rank of a warrior. When, in a small ship, and accompanied only by a hundred followers, he quitted Panama to conquer an unknown world, my heart whispered me, "*This must be a bold man.*" But, afterwards, when, in the little island of Gallo, he with his sword marked a line in the sand, and magnanimously desired those of his followers who were discontented, and wished to depart, to cross that line; when he was deserted by all but thirteen tried friends, who swore adherence to him at all hazards, at whose head he resolutely devoted himself to death, or the accomplishment of his purpose, my heart cried aloud, "*This is a great man!*"

Valverde. Great,—should he succeed; but, if his projects miscarry, the world will call him a fool.

Elvira.

Elvira. The fate of every hero!—Children look with gaping mouths after a rocket that ascends boldly, but laugh, when one bursts in lighting.

Valverde. But should this rocket rise till it reach the clouds, what would then be your expectations?

Elvira. To become Vice-queen of Peru. Pizarro shall govern this untutored people, I will civilise them.

Valverde. Think you so?—How little do you know Pizarro's crafty ambition. Should fortune raise him to the height to which he aspires, his hand will doubtless be offered to some rich maiden, whose high birth may cast a veil over the obscurity of his own, and whose connections at court may serve as a shield to protect him, while poor Elvira, with all that she has done and suffered for his sake, will be instantly forgotten.

Elvira. Ha!—should this be so?—But, hiss on venomous reptile!

Valverde. And, on the contrary, should Pizarro's humble secretary be promoted to the rank of his chancellor, Elvira may seek a shelter in Valverde's arms.

Elvira. Impudent wretch!

Valverde. You trample down flowers which you might pluck, in aiming at fruit beyond your reach. Believe me, while Alonzo de Molina shall continue to instruct the Peruvians in our arts, Pizarro may be content to thrash empty straw.

Elvira. And believe me, while I am convinced that Pizarro remains worthy of my affection, no petty calumnies shall effect our separation. Should fortune turn her back upon him, if it be for no demerits of his own, Elvira will still take him by the hand.

Valverde. Repentance only hobbles on, it is true, yet it will at last overtake fools.—Hiss!—I hear his voice!

Elvira. Haste, hypocrite!—and assume thy mask of honour.

SCENE II.—*Enter PIZARRO. Seeing ELVIRA and VALVERDE together, he starts, and observes them both with an eye of dark suspicion. VALVERDE bows obsequiously. ELVIRA laughs.*

Pizarro. Why do you laugh?

Elvira.

Elvira. To laugh and weep we know not why,—is the privilege of woman.

Pizarro. But, I insist upon knowing your reason.

Elvira. You may insist, but I shall still be silent.

Valverde. Donna Elvira was ridiculing my fears.

Pizarro. What fears?

Valverde. Lest the enemy through their superiority in numbers, and inspired by Alonzo——

Pizarro. Only a woman, and those who resemble women, could fear that boy.

Valverde. You are right; it was childish pusillanimity. What arrogance and folly! He, a pupil of your's, trained under your standard, now dares to set himself up in opposition to his master!

Pizarro. He, who ate at my own table, who slept in my own tent.

Valverde. Ungrateful wretch!

Pizarro. He was entrusted by his mother to my care. She was a haughty woman, and I thought I discovered in the breast of this boy, a spark of heroic fire which might easily be fanned into a flame.

Elvira. 'Tis the province of our sex alone, to form heroes.

Pizarro. Do you think so?—I have never loved.

Elvira. Then you cannot be a hero.

Pizarro. (*To Valverde*) Often as I have related to Alonzo the story of my first expedition—how, with a handful of men, I was driven about for seventy days successively—how storms and billows at sea, rivers, marshes, and trackless forests by land, made each step we took as toilsome as a day's journey—how, at one time, the wild inhabitants of the coast, at another, the elements, combated against us—how perpetual conflicts, hunger, a sultry climate, and fatal diseases, daily diminished our little troop, till necessity at last compelled me to abandon a country cursed by the decrees of nature herself, and save my life by seeking refuge on an inhospitable shore, opposite to the Pearl Islands.—Often, as I have descanted on these things to Alonzo, has he, full of admiration, clasped me in his arms, while tears trembled in his fine blue eyes.

Valverde. And whose feet trampled down this hopeful plant?

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Las-Cafas came with his smooth tongue, and talked to him of moving in a higher sphere, till he intoxicated him with enthusiasm; and from that hour I wearied myself in vain, in endeavouring to draw my youthful charge from his air-built castles in the clouds, down to the real world below.

Valverde. Till, at length, he forsook you, joined your enemies, and betrayed his native country.

Pizarro. But, first, the boy was weak enough to attempt shaking the principles of a man like Pizarro. He hung in tears about my neck, tried to wheedle the grasped sword out of my hand, called the Peruvians our brethren—

Valverde. Obstinate heathens our brethren!—there, indeed, I recognize Las-Cafas.

Pizarro. Finding, however, that his tears fell upon senseless marble, he gave up the cause, and went over to the enemy. Traitor-like, instructed them in our arts both of war and peace, informed them of our strength and our weakness, and, at last,—oh shame!—compelled me to make a disgraceful retreat.

Valverde. But vengeance hovers over his head.

Pizarro. Yes! I have returned with a mightier force! and the boy shall feel that Pizarro still lives!

Valverde. The question is,—whether Alonzo still lives?

Pizarro. That is certain. His follower, Diego, is just taken prisoner, who reports the enemy to be twelve thousand strong, with Alonzo and Rolla at their head. This day they offer a great sacrifice to their idols—Of the thoughtless security of that moment I mean to take advantage, and sprinkle their sacrifice with their own blood.

Elvira. Surprise!—battle!—Pizarro, will you not take me with you?

Pizarro. We are not going to a ball.

Elvira. Nor did I suppose I made the request to a dancer.

Pizarro. If you can find in my armoury, a sword light enough to suit the hands of a woman, come and take your station at my side.

Elvira. Shall you then love me better?

Pizarro. Yes, and for this reason; because the tumult of battle would be a fortress in which I should consider your fidelity as secure.

Elvira. You mistake. A woman intent upon deceiving would not be deterred from her purpose, even by storms or earthquakes.

Pizarro. I thank you for the hint, and will write it in my memory.

Elvira. You cannot write.

Pizarro. (*With a look of anger*) *Elvira!*

Elvira. Is that my fault?

Pizarro. You know, what I will not endure to hear.

Elvira. Had one of your legs been broken at nurse, should you have been ashamed of limping?

Pizarro. Enough!—let me never hear this again.

Elvira. (*Aside*) Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel.

SCENE III.—DIEGO is brought in guarded.

Pizarro. Behold Diego!—welcome, good friend.

Diego. Oh, me!—unfortunate mother's son that I am!

Pizarro. Do you not recollect me?

Diego. Could I possibly forget the flower of Spanish knighthood?

Pizarro. How long may it be, since you last visited my kitchen?

Diego. So long, that I am now almost wasted to a skeleton.

Pizarro. Is your master living?

Diego. He is.

Pizarro. What brought you into our camp?

Diego. The people in your outposts were roasting a sucking pig, and I was allured by the smell.

Pizarro. What is the enemy's strength?

Diego. Twelve thousand men.

Pizarro. And Alonzo is at their head?

Diego. Alonzo and Rolla.

Pizarro. Who is this Rolla?

Diego. A savage in league with Satan himself. He flourishes a club with the same ease as I might a quarter of lamb, and is as ready with the use of his sword, as your cook with her skimmer.

Pizarro. I shall be glad to become acquainted with him. Are he and Alonzo friends?

Diego. Warm friends, for he is in love with Donna Cora.

Elvira. Who is Donna Cora?

Diego. My master's wife.

Pizarro. Your master then is married?

Valverde. And to a heathen!—what an abomination!

Diego. But they love each other, like two common people.

Valverde. Has she been baptized?

Diego. No—for my master thinks that she may be virtuous without it.

Valverde. The miscreant!

Pizarro. Is Cora with him in the camp?

Diego. Both she and her child, as well as a number of other women.

Pizarro. I rejoice to hear it. The more incumbrances they have among them, the easier will be our victory; and besides the womens' cries and screams dishearten the men. Are they prepared for battle?

Diego. They are to have a great sacrifice this day.

Valverde. To the Devil, I suppose?

Diego. No, to the Sun.

Valverde. A human sacrifice, however?

Diego. Only fruits and aromatic plants.

Pizarro. It shall be our part to sprinkle them with human blood.—Enough, Signor Diego. You, in the meantime, may serve as turn-spit in my kitchen.

Diego. Willingly. Look at my meagre body and lank legs. Putrid fish, sour cherries, and maize, are the only food which this country has afforded me.

Pizarro. The fate you deserve is, to be tied up to the next tree.

Diego. Oh terrible! (*To Elvira.*) Fair, young gentleman, intercede for me!

Pizarro. Be gone!—Thou owest thy life to thy stupidity.

C

Diego.

Diego. Then God be thanked for making me stupid!
(*Going*)

One of the Guards. Is he to be put in chains?

Diego. Fool! put thy own tongue in chains.

Pizarro. Give him plenty to eat and drink—then we shall be secure against his running away.

Diego. Long live Don Pizarro!—he does not forget his old friends. (*Exit*)

Pizarro. Yes, it is resolved! the sacrificers shall become the victims. First we will hold a council of war, and then to battle. Elvira leave me.

Elvira. Why this command?

Pizarro. Because I am going to hold counsel with men.

Elvira. As if a woman were then an intruder. Truly you men are ungrateful wretches—you would employ the most useful creature bestowed upon you by nature, merely as a play-thing. I will stay.

Pizarro. Stay then; but be silent, if you can.

Elvira. I shall be occupied in thought. It is only the empty head that babbles—reflection is always silent.

SCENE IV.—*Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILA, and other OFFICERS.*

Las-Casas. You have summoned us hither.

Pizarro. Sit down venerable old man,—and you, my good friends. The moment is arrived in which we are to reap the fruits of our hazardous enterprize. The enemy, lulled in security, this day offer a sacrifice to their gods, at which moment I am of opinion that we should surprize them, put the armed to death, and make the unarmed slaves.

Almagro. My voice is for death to every Peruvian, armed or unarmed.

Gonzalo. But, we may spare the women and children.

Almagro. Better extirpate the whole race.

Valverde. For the honour of our faith!

Las-Casas. Do not blaspheme.

Almagro. We have loitered a sufficient time upon this coast.

Las-Casas. And you would have recourse to murder for employment.

Almagro. We are as yet unrepaid for the heavy expences of our armament.

Pizarro. We are reduced to want, and the troops begin to murmur.

Gonzalo. While Alonzo, rioting in abundance, scoffs at us.

Pizarro. Traiterous boy!

Las-Casas. My heart whispers me, that Alonzo feels a painful conflict in his bosom, between humanity and love for his native country.

Almagro. Your heart seeks to defend your pupil.

Las-Casas. Yes, he is indeed my pupil, and I am proud to call him so!

Almagro. Enough?—he shall learn to know us.

Pizarro. The enemy's force increases every day; we are strangers to the country, surrounded by want, and delay relaxes courage. The only resource against such numerous and formidable evils, is a battle.

All. (*Excepting Las-Casas*) A battle!—a battle!

Las-Casas. What a re-echoing of that dreadful word!—And against whom is this attack to be directed?—against a mild king, who but a few days ago offered you his hand in peace—against a people, whom you found inoffensively tilling their fields, and with innocent hearts worshipping their Creator, according to their own form.

Valverde. Heathens who adore the Sun, and whom the sword must extirpate.

Las-Casas. Is the bloody measure of your barbarities not yet full?—When will you be satiated with the sufferings of these pious children of innocence, who received you so hospitably?—Thou Power Almighty, whose thunder cleaves the rocks, and whose Sun can dissolve even mountains of ice, lend thy force to my words, since it is thy glory I seek to uphold! (*Addressing himself again to the Assembly*) Oh cast but a retrospective glance upon the millions of unhappy victims already sacrificed to your rapacity!—You were received by this people as gods, you came among them as devils!—Willingly and cheerfully

cheerfully did they give you of their gold and fruits, while in return, you violated their wives and daughters.—Human nature revolted against such outrages, and the oppressed began to utter complaints—then, did you send your blood hounds to hunt them down, while those who escaped from this infernal chace, were either yoked to the plough to cultivate their own fields for your use, or buried in their gold mines, to supply your insatiable avarice with the precious ore.

Pizarro. You exaggerate!

Las-Casas. I exaggerate!—Would to God that this were all! but more still remains—deeds that might draw tears from the eyes of a tyger!—Yet, Oh my sorrows! overpower me not, permit me to speak on!—Wagers were laid among you, which could cleave a man asunder, or strike off a head with the greatest dexterity—you tore children from their mother's arms, and dashed them against rocks—you roasted the chiefs at a slow fire, and if their dreadful cries disturbed the slumbers of the dæmons by whom they were tormented, gags were thrust into their throats to silence them. Thirteen Indians were hung upon thirteen separate gibbets—Oh God! can it be mentioned without blaspheming!—in honour of Christ and his Apostles!—These horrors, my own eyes have witnessed and I still live!—Donna Elvira, you weep—is your heart alone affected by this horrible picture?

Almagro. She and you are the only women among us.

Pizarro. What you relate does not concern us. We are not responsible for the barbarities of a Columbus, or an Ovando.

Las-Casas. Are you not about to renew them?

Valverde. Supposing we were—it remains yet undecided, whether these Indians be men or apes.

Las-Casas. Woe unto those who wait for a Bull from the Holy-Father, before they can decide such a question.

Valverde. The new world was given us by him, “to subdue it by aid of the divine favour.”*

* The words of the Papal Bull. See Robertson's History of America. Note by the Author.

Pizarro,

Pizarro. Enough of this war of words. Time passes, and opportunity flies—are you resolved to fight?

All. 'Tis our earnest desire.

Las-Casas. Oh send me first among these Peruvians, as a messenger of peace!—let me endeavour, by gentle means, to instil our holy religion into their hearts!

Valverde. First, let our heroes fight, and prepare the way for your doctrines.

Las-Casas. With blood?

Almagro. Which you may wash away with pious tears!—Hasten my friends!—let us delay no longer!

Las-Casas. O God! thou hast anointed me thy servant, not to curse, but to bless!—yet here my blessing were blasphemy!—Be ye cursed then, ye fratricides!—cursed be your barbarous projects, and may the innocent blood shed this day, be upon you, and your children!—For me, I renounce your society for ever.—I can no longer endure to be a witness of your savage phrenzy. I will bury myself in some cave or forest, and hold intercourse only with those less ferocious monsters, tygers and leopards—and when, at last, I shall stand in judgment, together with you, before him whose mild doctrines you have this day forsworn, then, tremble at the charges I must be compelled to bring against you!—(*Going*)

Elvira. (*With involuntary emotion*) Las-Casas, take me with you!

Las-Casas. No, remain here, and, if it be possible, save these men from the judgments their inhumanity must call down upon them. I can go no farther—my efforts are exhausted—but the charms of a woman may prove more powerful than the eloquence of an old man. Perhaps you may be elected as the guardian angel of these unfortunate Peruvians. (*Exit*)

Pizarro. What would you do, Elvira?

Elvira. I scarcely know, myself. Las-Casas appeared to me at this moment, like something more than human, and you with all the rest, so far below humanity—

Almagro. The old man raves.

Valverde. And plans visionary worlds, like Plato.

Pizarro. He has no longer any powers of enjoyment himself,

himself, and therefore assumes the character of a preacher of repentance.

Elvira. Say what you please, but my heart revolts against your proceedings.

Gonzalo. Compassion is becoming to a beautiful woman.

Elvira. As humanity to a conqueror.

Pizarro. 'Tis well, that we are rid of this preacher of morality.

Almagro. We shall now yawn less, and fight more.

Pizarro. At noon, the enemy will be engaged in this sacrifice; then, Almagro, you shall wheel round by the left, through the forest, while you, Gonzalo, shall ascend the hill to the right, and I will fall upon the camp directly in front. If we succeed here, the gates of Quito are opened to receive us.

Almagro. And we hail thee, our general, king of Peru.

Pizarro. Excuse me, my good friends. He who proceeds slowly, proceeds securely. Ataliba shall remain on his throne, the shadow of a sovereign, while I will marry his daughter, govern under him, and secure my succession to the monarchy at his death.

Gonzalo. An excellent plan.

Almagro. Pizarro is alike the hero and the statesman.

Valverde. (*Aside to Elvira, sarcastically*) Now, Elvira!

Elvira. A very excellent plan!—And what is to become of Elvira?

Pizarro. She shall continue with her friend.

Elvira. As a servant in the royal palace?

Pizarro. I shall give the heiress of Peru, what is commonly given to Princesses, my hand—but my heart will still be Elvira's.

Elvira. And when she advances in years, you will make her governess to your children?—Am I not right?

Pizarro. You are offended, Elvira. But, recollect, that a throne is in question.

Elvira. Offended!—no, I am only provoked, that this stupid fellow should understand Pizarro's character better than myself.

Pizarro. What do you mean?

Elvira. Nothing!—mere fancies!—Forgive this feminine

minine loquacity, it shall no longer interfere with the valiant deeds of these heroes.—Away! the din of arms summons you hence!—haste, haste, ye mighty champions!

Pizarro. You will accompany us?

Elvira. Certainly!—to be the first who shall pay homage to the king's new son-in-law.

SCENE V.—*Enter GOMEZ.*

Almagro. What brings you hither, Gomez?

Gomez. I come to announce a prisoner whom we have taken. Beneath a palm-tree upon yonder hill, we found an old Cazique, lurking apparently, as a spy upon our camp. He could not escape, therefore surrendered without resistance, yet every word he utters is full of reproach and contempt.

Pizarro. Bring him hither. (*Exit Gomez, who returns immediately with the Cazique.*) Who are you?

Cazique. (*With perfect tranquillity, devoid of ostentation*) Which is the chief of this band of robbers?

Pizarro. Ha!

Almagro. Art thou frantic? (*To Pizarro*) Tear out his tongue.

Cazique. Are you so much afraid of hearing the truth?

Davila. (*Drawing out a dagger*) Suffer me to plunge this into his heart?

Cazique. (*To Pizarro*) Have you many such heroes in your army?

Pizarro. Headstrong fool, thou shalt die!—but, first, confess all that thou knowest.

Cazique. That is already done. But one thing I have this moment learned from you.

Pizarro. And what is that?

Cazique. That I shall die.

Pizarro. By abating in this stubbornness, thy life might be saved.

Cazique.

Cazique. My remainder of life is like a withered tree, not worth preserving.

Pizarro. Our arms might raise you to the highest rank among your own people.

Cazique. My countrymen are not unacquainted with old Crozimbo—he never was one of the lowest among them.

Pizarro. We intend, this morning, to fall upon your army by surprize. Be you our guide through the forest, and you shall be loaded with treasures.

Cazique. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Pizarro. You laugh ?

Cazique. I am already a rich man. I have two valiant sons, who will shed the last drop of their blood for their country ; and have besides, the sweet consciousness of having performed many good actions.

Pizarro. What is the strength of your army ?

Cazique. Number the trees in the forest.

Almagro. Which is the weakest side of your camp ?

Cazique. The justice of our cause protects it on all sides.

Davila. At what hour will your king offer his sacrifice to the Sun ?

Cazique. Our thanks and praises are offered to him at all hours.

Pizarro. Where are your women and children concealed ?

Cazique. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Almagro. Do you know Alonzo ?

Cazique. Do I know him ?—The benefactor of our nation !

Pizarro. How has he deserved that appellation ?

Cazique. By not resembling you in any feature of his character.

Almagro. Madman ! speak more respectfully !

Cazique. I speak truth to God, shall I be afraid to speak it to man ?

Valverde. You do not know God.

Cazique. (*Extending his arms towards heaven with pious confidence*) Yes, I do know him !

Valverde. The religion which we bring you, is the only true religion.

Cazique.

Cazique. That is written in our hearts.

Valverde. Ye are Idolaters.

Cazique. Leave us to follow our ancient faith, which has taught us to live happy, and die content,

Davila. Obdurate race!

Cazique. Young robber, we plunder no one of his property.

Davila. Be silent or tremble.

Cazique. I never trembled before God—shall I tremble before man?—before thee, thou less than man?

Davila. (*Drawing a dagger*) Not another word, heathen dog, or this dagger shall dispatch thee.

Cazique. Dispatch me—and then you will be able to boast, that you also have killed a Peruvian.

Davila. (*Stabbing him*) Hence, to hell!

Pizarro. What have you done?

Davila. Could you endure any longer to listen to his revilings?

Pizarro. Ought he to have died without torture?

Cazique. Young man, you have lost a noble opportunity of learning to suffer patiently.

Elvira. Barbarians! (*She bends down to the Cazique*) Poor old man!

Cazique. Call me not poor, when I am so near my happiness. Ha! my wife beckons me!—The sun smiles upon me!—God amend—and bless you! (*Dies*)

Elvira. Valverde, could a Christian make a better end?

Valverde. He was strengthened by Satan.

Pizarro. Drag the body hence!—And you, Davila, be not again so over-hasty.

Davila. Pardon me! I could not restrain my indignation.

Pizarro. Follow me, friends, and let every one hasten to his appointed post. Before the God of Peru shall sink again into the ocean, the walls of Quito must be overthrown. (*Exit, followed by Almagro, Gonzalo, Davila, Gomez, and others*)

SCENE VI.—*Manent ELVIRA and VALVERDE.*

Valverde. Lovely Elvira! my hopes increase with Pizarro's increased haughtiness.

Elvira. Oh! how painfully my mind is agitated!—These horrible variations in scenes of barbarity!—this shameful avowal of avarice and ambition!—

Valverde. Throw yourself into my arms!

Elvira. Wretched, indeed, were my lot, had I no other resource but in Valverde's arms!

Valverde. Do you not think me capable of aiming a dagger with certainty?

Elvira. Not if you were to face the man. But, tell me,—at what price would you value a murder?

Valverde. At a very high price—though easy to be paid.

Elvira. You mistake. Yet, an injured woman can scarcely purchase revenge at too dear a rate. Go,—leave me.—You shall hear from me again.

Valverde. The dagger is whetted, the arm raised—one word only,—and he lies bleeding at your feet. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*ELVIRA alone.*

No!—even if my soul did entertain projects of murder, I would not seek it in such a way, nor through the medium of such an instrument. Enter into a compact with this despicable wretch!—hateful idea!—If Pizarro should, indeed, thrust me from his bosom?—spurn one who has sacrificed to him her honour, her virtue!—then!—Spurn me!—No; I will spurn him!—What part of his character was it that engaged my love?—his supposed greatness!—He is become contemptible,—and that love is extinguished!—Yet, hold!—Does a man always execute whatever he resolves?—Ambition builds houses of cards, and love blows them down. Prove him, therefore, once more, Elvira, and if he still appear unworthy of thee,—trample him in the dust from which he rose. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Peruvian Camp near a Village. In the Middle of the Stage an Altar—in the Back Ground a Hill, on which stands a Palm-Tree.*

CORA sits upon a Bank of Turf, with her Child in her Arms; ALONZO stands by, and looks at her with a Countenance expressive of great Delight and Affection. CORA observes, first him, then the Child, with Smiles of Extasy.

CORA.

HE is very like you.

Alonzo. No, like you.

Cora. Oh! do not deprive me of my favourite idea!

Alonzo. Has he not black hair?

Cora. But blue eyes.

Alonzo. And is not his smile exactly like your's?

Cora. (*Pressing the child to her bosom*) He is equally like both.

Alonzo. Since you have had the child playing on your lap, the father has lost a portion of your love.

Cora. Do not say so.

Alonzo. He steals many kisses from you, which are mine by right.

D 2

Cora.

Cora. I kiss you in him.

Alonzo. The boy will make me jealous.

Cora. I live only in you and him. I dreamed last night, that the white blossoms of his teeth were beginning to appear.

Alonzo. That day shall be celebrated as a festival.

Cora. And when he shall run from me to you—

Alonzo. And kiss, father, mother—

Cora. Oh, Alonzo, our daily thanks should be offered to the gods.

Alonzo. To them and Rolla.

Cora. You are happy?—are you not?

Alonzo. Can Cora ask that?

Cora. Why then are you so often restless at night?—and why does your bosom so often heave with mournful sighs?

Alonzo. Are not these men, against whom I must fight, my brethren?

Cora. All men are equally your brethren—and is not our destruction, the aim of these Spaniards?

Alonzo. Should they prove victorious, what a fate awaits me!

Cora. We would seek refuge among the mountains.

Alonzo. How could you fly with a child in your arms?

Cora. Think you that a mother, anxious for her child's safety, is ever sensible of its weight?

Alonzo. And I can help you to bear the sweet burthen.

Cora. He will not be quiet with you.

Alonzo. Dear Cora, would you wish to make me tranquil?

Cora. Oh, most truly!

Alonzo. Then hasten, this very hour, to the mountains, to your father. There you will be safe, and when the contest shall be ended, I will follow you, either to announce our victory, or that we may pass the remainder of our days together, in that asylum of nature.

Cora. Where we will educate our son as an avenger of his country's wrongs.

Alonzo. Yes, that shall be our chief business and delight.

Cora. Yet, spare me, Alonzo, I cannot go at this moment

moment. How could I bear to be absent from you in the hour of danger?—How endure the idea, that you, perhaps, were wounded, and left to the care of others.

Alonzo. Will not Rolla remain with me?

Cora. Only during the battle. Rolla understands well how to inflict wounds, but knows little about curing them.—Should you fall, he will revenge your death, but he would not snatch you from impending danger. No, wherever the husband is, there should the wife be also.—I swore never to forsake you, even in death.

Alonzo. Mirror of constancy!—Remain here then—and heaven grant us victory!

Cora. Reflect, Alonzo, that on our side the contest is for our own defence—assuredly, the gods will grant us their protection.

Alonzo. If not, death will find me encompassed by your arms.

Cora. Talk not of death. Since I have been possessed of thee, and my Fernando, I cannot bear to think of him.

Alonzo. (*On his knees, embracing his wife and child*) Adored wife, born to bless me, and almost by a miracle mine,—how unfortunate is he, who in searching after happiness, overlooks love.

Cora. (*Returning his caresses*) Love is a silent and sequestered being, not to be discovered by those who delight in noise and tumult.

Alonzo. My Cora!—my world!

Cora. My Alonzo!—my all!

SCENE II.—*Enter ROLLA, unperceived by them. He pauses a few moments, to observe their caresses.*

Rolla. The gods be thanked for so grateful a fight!

Alonzo. Ha, Rolla!—you here!

Rolla. I was sharing your transports.

Alonzo. 'Tis to you we owe them.

Rolla. How sweet a reflection to my heart.

Cora.

Cora. Dear Rolla, you have made me inexpressibly happy.

Rolla. Cora happy through Rolla's means!—Ye monarchs of the earth, is there one among you, with whom I would exchange situations?

Alonzo. Our brother!

Cora. More than brother—our friend!

Rolla. Go on, go on—exalt me above myself—let me revel in your happiness.

Cora. Should this child love you less than his father, he will incur his mother's curse.

Rolla. In all that I have done, my sole object was to promote Cora's happiness—she is happy, and I am repaid. At present take the counsel of a friend—retire with your child farther into the forest, or among the mountains; there you will be in greater safety.

Alonzo. I have urged her to do this, but hitherto in vain.

Cora. Can I be unsafe with Rolla and Alonzo?

Rolla. The enemy meditate a surprize.—

Cora. And should that be attempted—are we not sufficiently guarded against it?

Rolla. The disposal of victory rests still with God.

Cora. We can easily, if necessary, fly together.

Alonzo. Spare yourself the anguish you must experience amid the tumult of battle.

Cora. I can feel anguish only at a distance from you.

Rolla. You cannot assist, and may injure us.

Cora. Injure you! how can that be?

Rolla. Must I speak more plainly?—you know how much we love you.—If you remain near us, we shall fight with inexpressible anxiety, and be continually turning towards the place where you are stationed. A lover can never be a complete general, unless he knows the beloved object to be at a distance, and in safety.

Alonzo. Rolla is in the right. How could I rush boldly among the enemy, while I beheld a Spaniard near me, who might press onwards, and deprive me of my Cora?

Cora. You may seek to bribe the vanity of a woman—but the wife hears you not.

Alonzo. And is the mother equally insensible to our entreaties?

Rolla,

Rolla. Act as will best satisfy yourself, I have urged only what I feel to be right.

Alonzo. All our women are concealed, yourself alone excepted.

Cora. I have the firmest reliance upon you and the gods, yet, for your satisfaction, I will go whithersoever you please.

Alonzo. Dearest wife, accept my thanks!

Rolla. The king is coming to the sacrifice.

Alonzo. Are we properly secured against a surprise?

Rolla. All our out-posts are vigilantly guarded.

Alonzo. I have missed Diego. I do not believe that he would designedly betray us; but he is both a fool and a coward?

Rolla. Be under no apprehensions! we are prepared for every thing.

SCENE III. — *Enter ATALIBA, with a long train of PRIESTS, COURTIER, SOLDIERS, and WOMEN.*

Ataliba. Welcome, Alonzo!—your hand, brave Rolla!
(*To Cora*) The gods bless thee, happy mother!

Cora. May the gods bless the father of his people!

Ataliba. To see his children happy, is the choicest blessing to a father. My friends, how stand the spirits of our brave troops?

Alonzo. They shout in transport, “*Our king is among us!*”

Rolla. “*He shares our toils and dangers!*”

Alonzo. “*God and the king!*”

Rolla. “*Victory or death!*”

Ataliba. I know my people—know that, were this shield pierced through, every subject would offer his breast as a shield.

Alonzo. When, I hope, the Inca would chuse mine.

Rolla. And not neglect Rolla's.

Cora.

Cora. (*Holding up her child*) Behold here a champion growing up for your son!

Ataliba. Your love is my choicest treasure, and in that I feel myself rich. But say, do the enemy still remain quiet?

Rolla. They do.—Yet their repose seems like the silence of the gathering thunder-cloud.

Ataliba. Be tranquil courage our shelter from the storm.

Rolla. They fight for despicable gold, we for our native country.

Alonzo. An adventurer leads them to battle, we are led on by a sovereign whom we love.

Ataliba. And a god whom we adore!—Come, my friends, to him let our sacrifice be offered!

(The Priests range themselves behind the Altar, the King and the rest of the Assembly on each side of it.)

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.*

Thou God who gav'st us being, smile
Benignly on our pious toil!

THE PEOPLE.

Oh may the childrens' lisping song,
The youths', which firmer flows along,
The old-mens' feebly utter'd strain,
May *all*, thy kind acceptance gain!
And may'st thou twine an everlasting band,
Between our sovereign and his native land!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Ye children of the radiant sun, kneel down
And make, by prayers and songs, your homage known.

* These Chorusses are versified by the same Friend to whom the Translator was obliged for the versification of those in the "*Virgin of the Sun*."

THE PEOPLE (*Kneeling*).

Our hearts from impious thoughts, Oh God, are free !
And here, those hearts we offer up to thee !

(The King approaches the altar, and strews upon it, fruits and aromatic herbs, while the Priests sing with uplifted hands.)

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Oh God, on us send down thy ray !
And if accepted strains we sing,
Be the pure offering which we bring
Consum'd before us, by the sacred blaze !

(Fire descends from Heaven, and consumes the sacrifice.)

THE PEOPLE.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! hence ev'ry fear !
The God has deign'd our vows to hear.
Behold the sacrifice consum'd !—
Then be the murd'rous sword resum'd ;
Haste, point th' unerring arrow high,
For us shall vict'ry's banners fly.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! hence ev'ry fear !
The God has deign'd our vows to hear.

SCENE IV.—*Enter an INDIAN almost breathless.*

Indian. The enemy—

Ataliba. Are they near ?

Rolla. Which way do they advance ?

Indian. I surveyed their camp from the top of the hill,
and saw the whole army in motion.

Rolla. Enough.

E

Ataliba,

Ataliba. Let the women and children be conveyed to a place of safety.

Cora. Oh! Alonzo!

Alonzo. We shall soon meet again.

Cora. Bless your son.

Alonzo. God protect both you and him!

Ataliba. Haste! the moments are precious.

(The women cling round the necks of their husbands, the children clasp the knees of their fathers)

Alonzo. (To Cora) Oh, go! ere my fortitude be wholly overpowered!

Cora. I obey. Prove yourself a hero—but hazard not your life without necessity.

Rolla. Will not Cora say one word to Rolla?

Cora. Take my hand, dear Rolla—bring me back
Alonzo.

Ataliba. The gods protect both you and us!

Cora. And grant us to meet again in safety!

[Exit Cora, together with the Priests, the women, and the children.]

Ataliba. (Drawing his sword) Away, my friends!

Rolla. We are ready.

Ataliba. You, Alonzo, shall defend the narrow pass in the mountains—you, Rolla, receive the enemy to the right, in the forest—I will remain in the centre, and fight till I fall.

Rolla. You fall not without us.

Ataliba. You must live for my son's sake, and train him up to avenge his country's wrongs.

Alonzo. Victory to our legal father!

Rolla. In the evening we will return thanks to the gods.

Ataliba. The cry is—GOD AND OUR NATIVE COUNTRY!—*[Exit Ataliba.—Rolla is about to follow him, but is detained by Alonzo.]*

Alonzo. Yet one word, Rolla.

Rolla. To arms—is the word! *(Going.)*

Alonzo. One word of Cora.

Rolla. Of Cora!—speak!

Alonzo. What must the next hour bring us?

Rolla. Victory, or death!

Alonzo. Victory perhaps to you, death to me. Perhaps the reverse—who can tell?

Rolla.

Rolla. Or both may fall.

Alonzo. If so, my wife and child are left to God and the king. God will console, the king protect them.

Rolla. Most certainly.

Alonzo. But, should I alone fall, then, Rolla, be you my heir!

Rolla. What do you mean?

Alonzo. Take Cora as your wife, my child as your own.

Rolla. Be it so!

Alonzo. Your hand upon it.

Rolla. But not without Cora's free consent.

Alonzo. Tell her it was my last wish.

Rolla. I will.

Alonzo. And carry my blessing to her and my son.

Rolla. Enough!—In the hour of battle I had rather listen to the drum, than to the last will of a husband and father.

Alonzo. I know not whence proceed these melancholy forebodings, but I never felt so sad at heart.

Rolla. Away then to the field.

Alonzo. Yet one word more. Should this hour prove indeed my last, let my body be interred beneath the palm-tree under whose shade we have so often spent our evenings. Then continue the same practice; so will you sit with Cora upon the grave of your friend; so shall my spirit be still among you, while on each flower that my child plucks from the hallowed earth, shall a tear be dropped to the memory of your departed friend, and each zephyr that whispers among the leaves, shall be echoed with a responsive sigh.

Rolla. Away, away, with these fancies!

Alonzo. No, let me cherish them!—let me indulge in the fond hope, that you still will think of me!

Rolla. Can you doubt that?

Alonzo. Now to battle.

Rolla. You to the left,—I to the right—we shall meet again.

Alonzo. In heaven, if not on earth.

Rolla. On earth!—on earth!

Alonzo. Heaven grant it!

Rolla. Let us draw our swords. (*They both draw them.*)

Alonzo. For the King and Cora!

Rolla. For Cora and the King!

[*Exeunt on different sides.*]

SCENE V.—*Manent. a blind OLD MAN, and a Boy.*

Old Man. Are they gone?

Boy. Yes, all dispersed.

Old Man. Alas, my eyes!—Had I retained my sight, I might still have grasped a sword, and died honourably.

Boy. Shall I lead you home?

Old Man. No, my child; lead me to the altar. (*The boy leads him thither*) Here let me stand. Are we quite alone?

Boy. They are all gone; father and mother too. Father is gone with the soldiers,—but I don't know what's become of mother.

Old Man. I am uneasy about you, poor child!

Boy. I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

Old Man. But what would you do, should the enemy come?

Boy. I will tell them, that you are old and blind.

Old Man. They will drag you away.

Boy. No, grandfather; for they will see plainly that you cannot walk without me to guide you. (*A noise is heard at a distance.*)

Old Man. Hark! the battle is already begun!—Go, child, get upon your grandmother's grave, whence you can climb up the tree that I planted at its foot. It is already so tall, that, when you are at the top, you will be able to see over the field of battle.

Boy. Shall I leave you here alone?

Old Man. I will rest against the altar; God will protect me. Go, and tell me what you hear and see. (*The boy climbs up the tree.*) Since I learned the use of arms, this is the first battle in which I have not borne a part. A few years ago, I could bend the bow, or throw the lance with not less

less dexterity than the Inca himself—now, alas! I can only pull cotton with the women—can only listen to the din of arms, and the clashing of shields, but can neither help others nor myself. Yet, every time the shout of battle meets my ears—every time I hear the sound of martial instruments—I clench my hand with involuntary ardour, and grasp at the side whence I was accustomed to draw my sword—but ah! no sword is to be found!—Well, child, what do you see?

Boy. A great deal of dust and smoke!

Old Man. How often have I been enveloped in such a dust!—how often swallowed it in abundance!—The smoke must doubtless proceed from the dreadful fire-arms of the Spaniards, which roar and vomit flames, like the burning mountain of Catacunga.—What else do you see, child?

Boy. When the smoke separates, I can see our people.

Old Man. Do they push forwards?

Boy. No, they stand.

Old Man. That, however, is good.—Do you see the standard of the Inca's?

Boy. Yes, it is waving in the midst of them.

Old Man. Thanks to the gods!—The king then is still unhurt.

Boy. Now I can see the enemy also—their arms glitter.

Old Man. What else?—what else do you see?

Boy. The enemy are not like our people.

Old Man. How, how do they differ?

Boy. They are a vast deal larger, and move as quick again.

Old Man. Pooh, pooh, child!—they ride upon large and spirited animals.

Boy. Now they mix among our Peruvians.

Old Man. And fall, I hope?

Boy. There is so much smoke and lightning!

Old Man. Thou avenging God! send thy lightning down from the clouds to their confusion and dismay!

Boy. The standard of the Incas disappears.

Old Man. Oh miserable!

Boy. Our people give way.

Old Man. My sword!—my sword!—I will go!—I will fight!—Oh glorious Sun! let me but once more behold thy rays!

Boy.

Boy. And now, a thick cloud conceals them all.

Old Man. Woe is me, that I should live to see the day when I can no longer serve my native country!—Yet, at least, I can assist it with my prayers! (*He kneels, and clasps the altar*). Ye gods, who bow us down, oh cease to withhold your favour from a people who honour you with perfect purity and sincerity!—Protect your servant, our good Inca, and suffer him not to fall by the hands of robbers!

Boy. A small troop are coming this way.

Old Man. Are they enemies?

Boy. I can see nothing but dust.

Old Man. Away, good child, hasten to the mountains!

Boy. I see the points of lances glitter,

Old Man. Then they are Peruvians.

Boy. They come this way.

Old Man. Descend from the tree, my child.

Boy. All seem mixed together at a distance.

Old Man. But our people still fight?

Boy. They give way slowly.

Old Man. Yet they do give way!—Oh ye cruel gods!
—My child, come down!

Boy. (*Descending from the tree*) Shall we look for mother?

Old Man. No, my child, Alas! I fear we must look only to the grave!

SCENE VI. *Enter ATALIBA wounded, he is supported by some of his Soldiers.*

Ataliba. Here let me rest!—here die, if death must be my lot!

A Soldier. We will remain with you.

Ataliba. Oh, no! return to the battle, your services are wanted.

Soldier. But your wound——

Ataliba. Is not dangerous. Go, revenge your fallen brethren! go, I command you! (*Exeunt the Soldiers.*—

Ataliba

Ataliba leans against the altar) Ye righteous gods! how have I deserved this chastisement?

Old Man. I hear the voice of lamentation, but I cannot see the sufferer. Who is it that complains thus?

Ataliba. A forsaken wretch, whose only resource is in death.

Old Man. Is the king still alive?

Ataliba. He is.

Old Man. Then you cannot be forsaken. Ataliba protects even the lowest among his subjects.

Ataliba. And who shall protect him?

Old Man. The gods.

Ataliba. Their anger has fallen heavily upon him.

Old Man. That cannot be. He has never oppressed the weak, never refused justice to any one, never pampered his courtiers upon the sweat of his peasants, never closed his hand against the needy, nor denied a hearing to just complaints.

Ataliba. (*Aside*) Oh, God! what sensations of transport dost thou mingle with these bitterest moments of my life!—Good old man, do you know the king?

Old Man. Extremely well—I have often seen him. It is not many years since I fought by his side, against Huascar.

Ataliba. How long were you in the service?

Old Man. Fifty-four years.

Ataliba. And has such fidelity never been rewarded?

Old Man. Do I not enjoy repose in the bosom of my family?

Ataliba. But that is the only reward you have received?

Old Man. And is that a trifle?—Oh! what has not a king accomplished who has secured happiness to his subjects!

Ataliba. He owed more to you.

Old Man. Do not say so. I hear, daily, from my grandchildren, of the blessings he diffuses among his people. I hear it with devout satisfaction, and rejoice!

Ataliba. (*Much affected*) And do all your brethren think the same?

Old Man. It is the general sentiment.

Ataliba. Why should I fear death?—How is it that I no longer feel my wound?

Old

Old Man. Are you wounded?—Go, child, run to my hut, and fetch the balsam. [*Exit the boy.*]

Ataliba. I thank you most sincerely.

Old Man. But you should not have quitted the king.

Ataliba. One of the tendons of my right arm is cut through—I could not fight any longer.

Old Man. You might have taken the sword in your left hand.

SCENE VII.—*Several INDIANS run over the stage, as if pursued by the enemy.*

The Indians. All is lost!—fly!—save yourselves!

Ataliba. (*To one of the last*) Stop, I command you!
(*The man obeys*) Where is Alonzo?

Indian. I have not seen him.

Ataliba. Where is Rolla?

Indian. In the midst of the enemy.

Ataliba. And you have deserted your General?

Indian. (*With confusion*) I have lost my sword.

Ataliba. Take mine, and die worthy of a Peruvian.

Indian. Death alone shall deprive me of such a present.
(*He brandishes the sword, and hastens back to the fight*)

Old Man. (*Calling after him*) Is the king safe?—Alas! he does not hear me!

Ataliba. The king is still alive.

(*An Indian severely wounded, staggers in with difficulty, and drops at the king's feet*)

Indian. Here let me die!

Ataliba. Is all lost?

Indian. All.

Ataliba. And is Rolla fallen?

Indian. No, he was still defending himself; but I saw Alonzo fall.

Ataliba. Alonzo fall!—Oh God!

Old Man. You do not enquire after the king.

Ataliba. (*Taking the sword from the wounded man*)
Give me your sword, you can no longer use it.

Indian. My king, what would you do?

Ataliba.

Ataliba. Embitter the triumph of our enemies—bury myself among the ruins of my kingdom.

Old Man. Oh God! are you then Ataliba?

Ataliba. Let them come; I am prepared.

(Rolla's voice is heard at a distance) Faint-hearted wretches!—stop!—stop!—return!—assemble round me!—'tis Rolla calls!

Several voices together. Rolla!—our father Rolla!—Yes, we will rally round him!

Rolla. (At a greater distance.) For God and the king!—Back, back, I say!—back to the fight!

Ataliba. My brave Rolla, then, is alive!—I still have hopes.

Old Man. Good king, I knew not that you were so near me. I am a poor, blind, old man.

Ataliba. Venerable soldier, your attachment has soothed me in an hour of extreme wretchedness.

Old Man. (Having received the balsam from the boy) Suffer my trembling hand to drop some of this precious balsam into your wound, and then to bind it up.

Ataliba. I thank thee, truly.

Old Man. Oh that I had more to offer than this and my prayers!—Go, child, climb the tree once more. *(The boy climbs the tree.)*

The wounded Indian. (Clasping Ataliba's foot, at which he has continued to lie) First-born of the Sun—bless me!—I die!—

Ataliba. For thy country!—God blest and reward thee!

Indian. And God—blest—our good—king—*(Dies.)*

Ataliba. Blood of my subjects!—precious pledge entrusted to my care!—I have not shed thee wantonly!

Old Man. Child, what do you see?

Boy. Friends and enemies mingled together.

Old Man. Which give way?

Boy. Neither.

Ataliba. Ye gods! if your anger require some atonement, strike here—but spare, oh spare, my people!

Boy. I see several hats with plumes of feathers fall.

Old Man. They are the Spaniards. Strike, strike, ye brave fellows!—strike home!

F

Boy.

Boy. I see Rolla.

Ataliba. He stands firmly?

Boy. His sword flashes like lightning—it seems every where.

Old Man. He is the darling of the gods.

Ataliba. Of gods and men.

Boy. They give way!

Old Man. Who? who?

Boy. The enemy.

Old Man. Now it will do!—no relaxing!—there lies one—there another!—push over the bodies—no compassion—see how they fall!—right!—right!—drive on!

Ataliba. What youthful ardour!

Boy. They fly!

Old Man. (*Leaving the altar.*) Ha! they fly!—pursue them!—extirpate the whole race!—Where am I?—Boy!—where am I?—

Boy. (*With a great shout.*) They fly!—they fly!

Ataliba. (*Falling on his knees before the altar.*) Oh God! my confidence is repaid!

Boy. (*Coming down from the tree.*) I saw plainly that they were flying, and the standard of the Incas waved again. (*He leads his grandfather back to the altar.*)

Old Man. First born of the Sun! suffer me to kiss thy hand!—a tear forces itself into my eyes—it is a tear of joy!—First-born of the Sun! suffer me to weep upon thy hand!

Ataliba. (*Rising and giving him his hand.*) Let us offer our thanks to the gods.

Old Man. Tears of joy are the most grateful offering we can present.

(*The Indian to whom Ataliba gave his sword, rushes upon the stage almost breathless.*)

Indian. Victory is ours!

Ataliba. Messenger of Heaven!

Indian. (*Laying the sword at the king's feet.*) Inca! receive back thy sword; I have not disgraced it!

Ataliba. Keep it, as a remembrance of this day.

Indian. Take back thy sword, good king, and suffer me to forget this day. I had deserted my post---I could not talk of it—could not shew the sword to my grandchildren.

Ataliba.

Ataliba. Is not the weapon dyed with the blood of our enemies?—all former stains are washed away. Now, give me the particulars of your victory.

Indian. Rolla's valour alone changed the fortune of the day, and snatched the laurels from the heads of our conquerors. He was animated with more than mortal courage. When all was in disorder, and the enemy had maintained the pursuit till their swords were weary with slaughter, Rolla threw himself into the midst of the affrighted multitude, with eyes darting forth lightning. He menaced, he intreated, he persuaded---one moment his voice was like the rolling of the awful thunder, the next like the soothing strain of the dying swan—one moment he turned his sword against those who fled, the next against his own breast. At length he succeeded in stopping the fugitives, assembled a small but determined party around him, seized the standard of the Incas, and once more pushed forwards. The Spaniards, considering themselves as secure of the victory, had already begun to plunder the slain, and had thus broken their close ranks. Rolla's arm, aided by the gods, soon decided the contest, and in a few moments every thing assumed a new aspect---the enemy fell without resistance, or fled uttering dreadful shrieks, while we remained masters of the field of battle. Stop! cried Rolla—Victory! exclaimed the army with loud shouts of transport, while I hastened to you with the joyful tidings.

Ataliba. Where is this hero?---the Saviour of his country!---where is Rolla?

Indian. On his way hither.

Ataliba. Now do I feel, indeed, that even kings are poor!

SCENE VIII.—ROLLA enters, bearing the standard of the Incas, ornamented with the figure of the Sun.---He is accompanied by a large train of the soldiers and the people. ATALIBA advances to meet him, he kneels and lays the standard at the king's feet.

Rolla. Hail, conqueror!

Ataliba. (*Embracing him*) My friend!---my protector!

The People. Long live Rolla!!!

Ataliba. (*Taking from his own neck a golden chain to which a diamond sun is suspended, and hanging it round Rolla's*) In the name of my people, whose favour thou hast this day proved, I present thee with this testimony of our gratitude. The tears which have fallen upon it will best speak the feelings of thy king.

Rolla. (*Rising up*) I was only the instrument of the gods.

Old Man. Ah! how hapless is the lot of the poor blind old man, that he can only listen to the hero!

Ataliba. Let us hasten to the women who anxiously expect us.

Rolla. Where is Alonzo?

Ataliba. (*Mournfully*) With the gods.

Rolla. Oh, miserable that I am!

An Indian. He fell in battle.

Another. He was taken prisoner.

The First. I myself saw him fall.

The Second. I saw him dragged away.

Rolla. Poor Cora!

Ataliba. Dearly-purchased victory!

First Indian. He fell, but may be still alive.

Second Indian. I heard him at a distance calling for help.

Rolla. And Rolla did not hear his brother's voice!

Ataliba. The gods required a sacrifice!--thy friend is lost--thy native country saved!--the shouts of the people will stifle the sounds of our lamentations. But come, let us hasten to the women who are become widows!--to the children who are become orphans!--To dry the tears of his subjects is one of the most sacred duties of a sovereign,

Rolla. And must I see Cora, without Alonzo!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.---*An open Space in a Forest---several Women and Children disposed in different Groups.*

CORA *sits under a Tree; with her Child lying by her, upon a Bed of Moss.*

CORA.

STILL dost thou sleep, lovely infant? Wilt thou not yet unclose those blue eyes, that, in contemplating them, thy anxious mother may fancy she beholds thy father's!--- Ah, where are now thy father's blue eyes?---Do they still shine?---does he still live?

One of the Women. (Speaking to another, who stands upon a hill, at a little distance) Xuliqua! do you see nothing?

Xuliqua. (Answering from the hill) A few moments since, I saw a thick cloud of dust, but it is now dispersed.

Another Woman. The battle must soon be decided.

A Third. As I stood upon the hill, I heard a clashing of spears.

A Fourth. I could distinguish a hollow clangor.

The First. That proceeded from the shields of our people.

The Third. We must all have heard the Spaniards' fire arms.

The Second. The gods protect our husbands!

Cora.

Cora. (*Aside---raising her hands towards heaven*) God protect Alonzo!

First Woman. Xuliqua! do you see nothing?

Xuliqua. (*Still speaking from the hill*) The sun blinds me.

First Woman. Our Father looks down upon us with smiles---the children of the Sun will conquer.

Cora. (*To her child.*) Ah, my poor boy!--a gnat has stung him. (*She breaks off a little bough from the tree, with which she fans him*) Oh, Alonzo! thy wife torments herself here about the sting of a gnat; while perhaps an arrow may have pierced thee to the heart!

First Woman. Xuliqua! do you see nothing?

Xuliqua. I see a man running---and at a still greater distance, I see another. They seem both to be hastening hither.

The Women. Ye good gods!--tidings of our husbands! tidings of our husbands!

Xuliqua. (*Descending from the hill*) The first had disappeared from my sight among the trees---he will be here immediately.

Cora. My heart will spring through my bosom.

One of the Women. Here he is!--Well, what news?---speak quickly! joy or sorrow? (*Speaking to a Peruvian, who enters panting for breath.*)

Peruvian. We are defeated! save yourselves! (*The Women shriek, Cora sinks down by her child*) Save yourselves!--all is lost! The king is wounded!--perhaps already dead!

The Women. (*All together*) Oh, day of misery!

Cora. (*In a faint voice*) And Alonzo?

Peruvian. I have not seen him.

The Women. Whither shall we run?

Peruvian. Farther into the forest.

The Women. Hasten, sisters!--collect every thing together! away! away!

Cora. I cannot go! (*The Women are about to depart as another Peruvian enters*)

Second Peruvian. Whither so fast? there is still hope.

The Women. Hope!--how?---what?

Second Peruvian. Rolla has rallied the fugitives---
he

he raves, and rushes upon the enemy like a wounded lion.

The Women. Rolla!---the favourite of the gods!

Cora. And Alonzo?

Second Peruvian. I have not seen him.

The Women. Is the king really wounded?

Second Peruvian. He was borne wounded from the field of battle.

The Women. Why was he not brought hither?

Second Peruvian. I saw him stagger---saw his sacred blood flow from the wound.

A Woman. (*Falling on her knees*) Pray, sisters! pray for our good king's life!

All. (*Kneeling*) Ye gods, protect the first-born of the Sun!

Cora. (*Faintly, as she falls upon her knees*) Thou only God! restore me my Alonzo!---My child, clasp thy little hands together---Pray for thy father and thy country!

A Third Peruvian. (*Eagerly as he enters*) Rejoice! rejoice!---we are victorious!

The Women. (*Springing up*) Oh, welcome! welcome! thou messenger of joy! (*They all surround him, and almost stifle him with their caresses.*)

Third Peruvian. Pray, release me! I cannot tell you more!

The Women. Is the king alive?

Third Peruvian. Yes, yes, he is!

The Women. Speak!---tell us all!

Third Peruvian. It was Rolla gained the victory.

The Women. Blessings upon the head of Rolla!

Cora. And Alonzo?

Third Peruvian. I have not seen him.

The Women. Let us depart!---let us hasten to our husbands and brothers!

Third Peruvian. Stay, they will be here immediately.

The Women. They come! they come!

Third Peruvian. They followed close after me.

One of the Women. Sisters, let us gather boughs and twine them into wreaths, to crown the conquerors.

All. Wreaths! wreaths to crown the conquerors!---
(*They gather boughs, and begin to twine them together.*)

Cora.

Cora. Not one of them has seen him!--O, my child! hast thou still a father living! (*A march is heard at a distance.*)

One of the Women. Ha! they come! Stand aside, my sisters, let us make way for the heroes---let us view them as they march along in triumph; and let us raise our children in our arms, that they may unite their little voices with ours to hail them victors. (*As the music approaches nearer, the women join in a shout of transport*) Hail to the children of the Sun!--Blessings on Rolla, the conqueror! Blessings on Ataliba, our father and our king, whom Rolla's arm hath saved!

SCENE II.---*Enter the KING and ROLLA, followed by a long train of Soldiers. The Women mix among them, with joyful acclamations, and place the wreaths on the heads of ATALIBA and ROLLA.*

Ataliba. I thank you, my children.

Several of the Women. You are wounded, good king? Where is the wound?---We have a healing balsam pressed from herbs of wondrous virtue.

Ataliba. I thank you; but the wound is slight, and I have found the victory a sovereign balsam.

Cora. (*With her child in her arms, has been searching for Alonzo among the Soldiers, and at length comes up despairingly to Rolla, who stands wrapt in mournful musing*) Where is Alonzo?---(*Rolla turns away in silence; Cora falls at the king's feet*) Give me back my husband!--give back a father to this child!

Ataliba. (*Endeavouring to conceal his uneasiness*) Is not Alonzo yet returned?

Cora. You expect his return, then?

Ataliba. (*Raising her up*) With the utmost anxiety.

Cora. He is not dead?

Ataliba. The gods, I trust, will hear my prayers!

Cora. He is not dead?

Ataliba. He lives in my heart.

Cora. Oh, king!--you torture me!--away with these equivocal expressions!--crush me with a single blow at once!--

once!—Tell me that I am a widow!—that this child is an orphan!

Ataliba. Why, dearest Cora, would you, by gloomy anticipation, diminish the little hope that remains to us?

Cora. Little!—yet still *hope*!—What am I to understand from this?—Speak, Rolla!—you are a friend to truth.

Rolla. Alonzo is missing.

Cora. Missing!—You do not deal plainly with me— you evade the question!—Oh keep not your lightning thus playing round me at a distance, let it descend directly upon my head!—say at once, that he is dead!

Rolla. Would you wish me to utter a falsehood?

Cora. The gods be praised, if it be indeed, a falsehood!—But has not one among you sufficient compassion to relieve me from this inexpressible torment!—Lift up thy little hands, poor child! perhaps thy infant cries may prove more eloquent than thy mother's agonies!

Rolla. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner! and by the Spaniards!—Oh, God! then his death is certain!

Ataliba. Let us hope better. I will immediately send a herald to Pizarro, with the offer of a large sum of money for his ransom.

Cora. His ransom!—Where are my jewels? (*She gives him a casket*) Give these to the herald.

Ataliba. Will not Cora allow me the satisfaction of purchasing the life of my friend?

Cora. Is a ransom wanted for my husband, and can I think of retaining any thing for myself, except the cloaths I wear?

Several of the women. (*After whispering among themselves bring each a casket, which they present to Cora*) Here, Cora, accept these ornaments which we have been anxious to preserve.—Accept them, we entreat!—they are given with sincere good-will.

Cora. (*Embracing them*) Oh, my friends!

Ataliba. (*Raising his eyes towards heaven*) God, I thank thee, for making me ruler over such a people!

Cora. Thanks shall be the first sound this child is taught to utter. Take these jewels, Ataliba, take them, and dispatch the herald.

G

Ataliba.

Ataliba. Without delay. (*He gives the collected ornaments to his train*).

Cora. I will accompany the herald myself, and those whom the sight of gold cannot allure, may be moved by my tears,

Ataliba. No, Cora, this must not be !---you would only expose both yourself and Alonzo to more imminent danger. Wait for the herald's return.

Cora. Teach me to endure life till that hour !

Ataliba. Do not forget the mother in the wife. Would you entrust your infant to strange hands, or take him with you, to become a prey to the barbarous Spaniards ? Think, also, what would be the fate of your charms among such monsters ?---Believe me, that by so rash a step, you would hazard your own life, your honour, and the life of your child, while, instead of saving Alonzo, the sight of you would only rivet his chains more firmly. In one word, Cora, you *must* remain here ; you are a mother---that must not be forgotten.

Cora. (*Looking anxiously at her child*) It shall not be forgotten !

Ataliba. I go to offer to the gods, my thanks for our victory, and my prayers for Alonzo's safety.

Cora. You go !---First, give me your royal word, that Alonzo shall return this evening.

Ataliba. Can I do so ?

Cora. Can you *not* do it !---Then still his death is possible ?---Oh ! why so quiet poor orphan ?---cry, cry, aloud ! Require your father of this man !---for this man he died !

Ataliba. You rend my heart !---will it be a lighter affliction to me, than to yourself, should Alonzo not return, shall not I then sustain an irreparable loss ?---The wife may again find an affectionate husband ; but where shall the king find such another friend ? (*Exeunt Ataliba, and his train, with the women and children*).

SCENE III.---*Manent.* CORA and ROLLA.

Cora. Miserable consolation !---Poor child, what will become of thee !

Rolla.

Rolla. Do not abandon thyself to despair, Cora ! trust in the gods.

Cora. They have forsaken me.

Rolla. They created friendship as a balm for every wound.

Cora. It cannot heal mine.

Rolla. They planted the flowers of hope in the soil of affliction.

Cora. To me they are all withered.

Rolla. Despair disturbs thy senses---anguish makes thee ungrateful. What the gods miraculously gave thee, by a miracle may be restored.

Cora. And if not—if Alonzo——ah, I cannot speak it !

Rolla. Can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives ?

Cora. Can Rolla also supply the place of his mother ?—or does he suppose, that I can survive the loss of Alonzo ?

Rolla. For the sake of this child.

Cora. Shall my child draw blood from this tortured breast ?—Shall he bathe only in his mother's tears ?

Rolla. The lenient hand of time—the king's friendship—my love—

Cora. Away with your friendship, your love !—Would you give a handful of grass to the countryman whose germinating seeds have been destroyed by hail, and hope thus to repair his loss ?

Rolla. Refuse not to hearken to Alonzo's friend, at least, if resolved not to listen to your own.

Cora. Alonzo's friend !—Tell me, who was not his friend ?

Rolla. His last words before the battle——

Cora. His last words !—Oh, speak ! what were they ?

Rolla. He charged me with two important commissions—to carry his blessing to his son,—and a wish to you.

Cora. A wish !—his last wish !—Instantly let me hear it !

Rolla. “ *If I fall,*” said he, and pressed my hand, while his whole frame trembled, “ *then be Cora thy wife !*”

Cora. Thy wife !

Rolla. I gave him my word, and we parted.

Cora. Ha !—a horrible light breaks in upon me !—Oh, Alonzo ! thou hast fallen a sacrifice to thy unsuspecting heart !

heart!—Hadst thou been silent, instead of making these wretched charms a fatal inheritance——

Rolla. Oh, God! what a hateful suspicion has seized your mind!

Cora. It is too clear!—Yes, you placed him in a situation where it was impossible to avoid death!—his valour made him an easy dupe to your artifice—he flew—he rushed among the swords of the enemy—you looked on, at a distance, and smiled!

Rolla. (*In the utmost astonishment*) Cora!

Cora. Or was it only that you saw him in danger, when it was in your power to save him—but the recollection of his legacy crossed your mind—you turned away, and he fell?

Rolla. Oh, glorious Sun! why have I lived to see this day?

Cora. No!—no!—thou didst not murder him!—the wretched widow has no reason to complain of thee!—the hand thou offerest her is not stained with her husband's blood!—thou wert only a calm spectator of his death!

Rolla. This is too much!

Cora. And this last wish!—Ah! who knows whether it ever passed Alonzo's lips! the dead are ever courteous—

Rolla. Cora, take my sword, and dispatch me at once!

Cora. No: live for the sake of love!—a love, the blossoms of which shoot from the grave of thy departed friend?—But hear me, first,—listen to my solemn oath, as thou didst to Alonzo's last wish?—Sooner shall my son imbibe poison from this breast, than he shall call thee father! than I will call thee husband!

Rolla. Then call me, your friend—your protector.

Cora. Away!—I know no other protector but God!—I will hasten instantly to the field of battle,—with this child in my arms, examine every mangled corpse I find on that fatal spot, to see if I cannot discern on the countenance, though disfigured by death, that sweet smile which used to animate my husband's features—I will call on the name of Alonzo, with fearful shrieks, till my veins burst in my bosom, that if one spark of life yet remain but half extinguished, he may hear my voice, unclothe his eyes,
and

and blest me with a last look. But if I do not find him,—then, my son, we will throw ourselves into the enemy's arms—the Spaniards are also men, and thy infant-smiles will open me a path through a thousand swords. Who will thrust back a wife that seeks her husband? who spurn an innocent child that cries for his father? Come, sweet boy, we shall be safe any where!—a mother with a child at her breast, carries a passport, signed by the hand of nature herself, which will secure her a hospitable reception in every part of the world.—Come, let us seek thy father! (*She rushes out.*)

SCENE IV.—ROLLA *alone.*

(*He stands for some time motionless, with his eyes gloomily fixed upon the earth, till at length overpowered by his feelings, he exclaims in a tone of anguish*) This to me! (*He sinks again into deep musing, his eyes roll wildly, till at length he says with manly resolution*) I will compel her to esteem me! [Exit.

SCENE V.—PIZARRO's tent in the Spanish camp.

PIZARRO *alone, walking backwards and forwards in gloomy agitation.*

Fortune! thou jilt! thy delight is to play the wanton with boys---man's arm is too rough for thee!---He who has only down upon his chin, whose cheeks are still unfurrowed, is flattered and caressed by thee, while from him, upon whose manly brow prudence sits enthroned, thou turnest aside with disdain, nor wilt bestow upon him one favourable glance. Thou meretricious monster! roll on thy wheel! drive it exultingly over my mangled corpse! yet first grant me vengeance!---vengeance upon Alonzo!---Smile upon me but once more, and be that smile the signal for Alonzo's fall.

SCENE

SCENE VI.---Enter ELVIRA.

Pizarro. Who comes there?---who has dared to grant you admittance? Where is my guard?

Elvira. Your guard has done all that could be expected from even the most vigilant. "*Who is there?*"—" 'Tis I, *Elvira.*"—"Go back"—"*For what reason?*"—"Pizarro chuses to be alone, and has given the strictest prohibition"—Then, a gentle glance from me glided from his bristly hair above, to his bristly beard below—the halberd was lowered—and—here I am.

Pizarro. What do you want?

Elvira. To see how a hero bears misfortune.

Pizarro. Did you not, this day, see me in the midst of my scattered troops, when with my own hands I thrust the dastards back into the fight?—Did you not see me, afterwards at the head of my defeated army,—when, amid thousands who appeared wholly abashed and dismayed—my firmness alone was unsubdued?—you know then, that I can defy misfortune.

Elvira. I saw you, it is true, in both those situations; but to know a hero thoroughly, he must also be seen, in private, in his tent. Many a one will display great magnanimity before thousands, who cannot preserve like fortitude when alone. Many a one, amid the silence and solitude of night, will tremble at a phantom of his own creation, who in the face of an army would encounter death with undaunted resolution.

Pizarro. Well, then, you now see me here. Are my features clouded with unmanly sorrow?—or do you hear me uttering idle lamentations?

Elvira. Lamentations!—from Pizarro!—Lamentations are only for priests and women. But you gnash your teeth, and even that is beneath you.

Pizarro. Would you have me give a ball, and solicit your hand to open it, because the sword of the enemy is glutted with the bravest blood in our army.

Elvira. No, I would have you cold and silent as the night, when the storm has spent its fury—cold and silent as the grave on the eve of the resurrection. Then when
the

the morning dawns, the hero will emerge again with renovated powers, and shine forth with added splendour irradiated by a new sun.

Pizarro. Oh! why were not all my men, on this day, women like Elvira!

Elvira. Then had my hand even now crowned you king of Quito. Yet, reflect, that we are still resting upon the same shore---the crown which this morning seemed within your grasp yet hovers before your eyes; arm yourself then with new courage, spring forward, and seize it ere it vanish.

Pizarro. Oh, Elvira! my hopes are faint, as long as this Alonzo, this scourge of my life, leads on the enemy.

Elvira. Ah! I had forgotten to inform you, that Alonzo is your prisoner.

Pizarro. How?

Elvira. Even now he has been dragged in triumph through the camp, by some of our soldiers.

Pizarro. (*Embracing her*) Elvira what glorious tidings do you communicate!--Alonzo my prisoner!--Oh! then, I am conqueror!--I have defeated the enemy!

Elvira. My curiosity is extremely excited by these transports.---There must surely be something extraordinary in a man of whom Pizarro stands so much in awe;---I am impatient to see him.

Pizarro. Where is he?---Guards! (*Enter one of the guards*) Let the Spanish prisoner be immediately brought hither! (*Exit the guard*)

Elvira. What will you do with him?

Pizarro. He shall die!--die in torments, protracted to the utmost extent that nature can endure.

Elvira. Shame on thee!--think what will then be said by posterity?---that Pizarro could not conquer, till Alonzo was murdered.

Pizarro. No matter!

Elvira. What a sentiment to proceed from your mouth. Still, Pizarro, let me conjure you to act nobly, if not for his sake, at least for your own.

Pizarro. And what would you call acting nobly?

Elvira. Give Alonzo a sword, and challenge him to single combat.

Pizarro. He has abjured his native country, perhaps
also

also his God---and shall a traitor be honoured with a hero's death?

Elvira. Follow thy own pleasure---but mark me!
---If he be murdered, Elvira is lost to thee for ever.

Pizarro. What can excite this interest for a stranger?
---What is he to you?

Elvira. He is nothing to me, but *your* fame, every thing. Do you suppose it is you I love?---no, it is your fame.

Pizarro. Fame is not the object to which I aspire!
My heart pants for revenge---I have sworn that it shall be satisfied, and I am a Spaniard.

SCENE VII.—ALONZO is brought in chained. ELVIRA observes him for some moments with a mixture of curiosity and admiration.

Pizarro. Welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina!--we have not met for a long time.

Alonzo. And, even now, meet again too soon.

Pizarro. You are grown fat, since I saw you last.

Alonzo. Yet I have not fed upon blood and rapine.

Pizarro. I am informed, too, that you are married---perhaps already a father?

Alonzo. Would you be mortified to hear that it is no longer possible to murder the child in his mother's womb?

Pizarro. (*His eyes flashing with rage*) Presumptuous boy!

Elvira. You are rightly answered; why did you insult him?

Pizarro. Who has appointed you his advocate!

Elvira. To insult the unfortunate is contemptible.

Pizarro. Hence! or dread my anger!

Elvira. I will not leave you.

Pizarro. Will you compel me to employ force?

Elvira. (*Drawing out a dagger*) Force!

Alonzo. Noble youth, who are you?---I am a stranger to your person.

Elvira. If I be really noble, of what importance is my name?

Alonzo.

Alonzo. Spare yourself!—any endeavour to defend me is seeking to rob a tyger of his prey.

Pizarro. Which tyger is called *justice*.

Alonzo. What a sacred name is profaned by thy lips!

Pizarro. Thou art a traitor to thy native country.

Alonzo. Was I born among robbers?

Pizarro. Thou art an apostate from thy God and thy religion.

Alonzo. 'Tis false.

Pizarro. Thy wife is a heathen.

Alonzo. The Almighty knows, and judges, *all* hearts.

Pizarro. And pays them according to their deserts.

Alonzo. In another world.

Pizarro. Thy moments are numbered; defend thyself if it be possible.

Alonzo. Where are my judges?

Pizarro. Dost thou ask that?

Alonzo. Are you then despot here?

Pizarro. Would you appeal to the assembled Council of War?

Alonzo. If Las-Cafas be among you—if not—that trouble may as well be spared.

Pizarro. Rashness always seeks to shelter itself under the follies of others!

Alonzo. Las-Cafas a fool?—Then, let me be spared any instruction in your wisdom! and the Almighty grant that I may live and die in the follies of Las-Cafas!

Pizarro. The accomplishment of that wish may be nearer than you imagine.

Alonzo. Do you expect to terrify me?

Pizarro. And supposing Las-Cafas were in my place; what would you urge to him?

Alonzo. I would take him by the hand, lead him through the verdant and flourishing fields of Quito, point out where the plough-share has rendered fertile a barren soil, and where a luxuriant crop promises a rich recompense to our toils—then tell him—“*this is my work!*” I would shew him how content smiles upon every countenance, while mild and gentle institutes supersede barbarous laws, and tell him, “*this is my work!*” Shew him, how, already, many a hand, many an eye, is raised in pure de-

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votion

votion to the only true God, and tell him, "*this is my work!*"—Oh! then would Las-Casas clasp me in his arms, while tears of pleasing sadness would drop blessings upon my head!—'Tis by deeds like these, that man becomes enabled to smile defiance upon death.

Pizarro. You remain what you have always been—an enthusiast.

Alonzo. Could I renounce such enthusiasm, I should indeed deserve to be called—*Pizarro's friend.*

Pizarro. Well, smile defiance upon death—for know that they who sit in council here, are not women, but men.

Alonzo. I know the manliness of which you boast, and am resigned to my fate.

Pizarro. 'Tis well—for your remaining hours of life are few. Prepare for death.

Alonzo. I am prepared.

Pizarro. Has this sublime enthusiasm entirely suppressed all solicitude for your wife and child.

Alonzo. There is a God, on whom I rely for their protection.

Pizarro. I congratulate thee upon thy haughty resolution.—Go then, address thyself to God, for the first ray of to-morrow's sun, is the harbinger of thy death.

Alonzo. Thy vengeance requires haste---I thank thee
(*Going.*)

Elvira. Stay, Alonzo!—I tell thee, Pizarro, he shall not die.

Pizarro. Are you beside yourself?

Elvira. It is not exalted virtue,—it is not magnanimity I require of thee,—I ask merely what is due to thy own honour. Set him at liberty, give him a sword, and challenge him to single combat. Act otherwise, and you become the object of my settled scorn.

Pizarro. Set him at liberty, that he may again dye his hands in the blood of his brethren!

Alonzo. Robbers are not my brethren.

Pizarro. Do you hear him?—hence, Alonzo!—you know your sentence.

Alonzo. I know, and despise it.—For thee, sweet youth, (To *Elvira*) accept my thanks—but in this camp thou dost not seem in thy proper sphere—go among the savages,

as they are called, thou wilt find in them companions more congenial to thy heart.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—PIZARRO and ELVIRA.

Pizarro. Now, revile me, Madam, if you please, and pour oil upon the flame of my revenge. This proud calmness bespeaks the pupil of Las-Cafas.

Elvira. I admire this Alonzo.

Pizarro. Within a few hours that tone will be changed, and you may say with a tender sigh, I *did* admire this Alonzo.

Elvira. You, really, are resolved upon his death?

Pizarro. 'Tis as certain as that the sun shall rise.

Elvira. And the manner?—

Pizarro. Remains to be considered. I must calculate how much torture can be compressed into the short space of an hour.

Elvira. I could name a species of torture, which inflicts the severest anguish upon the sufferer, while at the same time it gives exalted pleasure to the tormentor.

Pizarro. Name it.

Elvira. 'Tis to call forth upon the cheeks of the villain, the blush of shame at the consciousness of villany detected.

Pizarro. I do not understand you.

Elvira. Pardon him!

Pizarro. That again?

Elvira. And a thousand times over. Pizarro, I deserve thy blessing for seeking to avert from thee the curses of posterity. In the records of history it will hereafter appear that you landed in a foreign hemisphere with only a handful of troops, and defeated the sovereign of a powerful kingdom—then will the reader observe, "*this man was BRAVE!*"—If it be farther related, that you pardoned a haughty enemy in chains—then will he exclaim with admiration, "*this man was GREAT!*"

Pizarro. When my mouldering bones will rattle with transport in my coffin!

H 2

Elvira.

Elvira. Posthumous fame may be deemed a bubble, and the hero who runs after it, a child---yet this toy often transforms the man into the demi-god.

Pizarro. But suppose I only satisfy a just revenge?—What will then be said?

Elvira. “*He thrust a dagger into the heart of an enemy in chains—he was not above the common level of mankind.*”

Pizarro. (*With a smile of contempt*) Hercules squeezed to death the giant Antæus, and Marfyas was flayed by Apollo.

Elvira. Does Alonzo play the flute better than you?—would you therefore flay him?

Pizarro. Enough, Elvira, your arguments are thrown away.

Elvira. You are right,—who would attempt to plant cedars in a moor. Let us now take another view of the subject. Fame, whether acquired during life, or only granted by posterity, is scarcely worth a reasonable man’s attention—’tis a vapour, a flame, which can neither feed nor warm. But disregard not your own advantage—and, what can you say, if by a little magnanimity, which will cost you nothing, an important object may be obtained?

Pizarro. Speak plainly!

Elvira. Alonzo must, and will, continue to prove himself the disciple of Las-Casas; but whether by an heroic death, which cannot benefit us, or by a folly which will prove highly advantageous to us, rests entirely with you.

Pizarro. How so?

Elvira. An enthusiast must be caught by phantoms of his own creation. That ideal being to which mankind has given the name of exalted virtue, is his idol. Say to him, *Alonzo, you have injured me, but I pardon you freely, you are at liberty.* What follows?—the boy sinks upon your bosom, and in pure gratitude betrays the throne of Quito into your hands.

Pizarro. Do you suppose so?—I doubt it much.

Elvira. Is it, that the means proposed are too hard to you?—then may I be your assistant. Where does love reign so absolute as in the heart of the enthusiast?—over whom has he equal power, either to lead him into good, or to draw

draw him aside into evil? I am young, I have charms, am not destitute of understanding, and know well how to mould the humours of man to my own purposes. You must be sensible, Pizarro, that while thousands obey you as a hero, you obey me as a woman.

Pizarro. I obey you?—

Elvira. Say not a word—the time is precious. I will go to Alonzo—as a youth I have acquired an interest in his heart, and when I stand before him as a woman, when he presses my hand within his, when my eyes are fixed upon him in tender entreaty, when the language of virtue flows from my lips, think you, he can refuse me any thing?

Pizarro. Your vanity is amusing.

Elvira. Thank me for the hint, ere I repent of having given it.

Pizarro. I leave you to immediate, perhaps to perpetual, repentance, for my resolution is fixed.

Elvira. That Alonzo shall die?—

Pizarro. That he shall die.

Elvira. Though, at the same moment, you lose Elvira for ever?

Pizarro. Though I lose her for ever.

Elvira. And she should seek refuge with a nobler enemy,—should join with Alonzo in labouring to promote the happiness of the Peruvians.

Pizarro. To that, I can oppose chains and bonds.

Elvira. Chains and bonds to a woman! to one who, without having imbibed the precepts of Las-Casas, yet learned to despise death.

Pizarro. Even the latter may be your lot.

Elvira. Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Pizarro. If you hope to transform a General into a whining Shepherd, you will be mistaken.

Elvira. Ungrateful man!—Have you forgotten that you alone were the cause of my quitting my parents and native country?—that for your sake I resolved to defy danger, and either bury myself in your arms, or in the bosom of the ocean?

Pizarro. Have I not amply repaid this mighty attachment? Are not you the sharer of my power, my joys?

Elvira. Recollect, that I equally share your perils.—On this dreadful day, amid the throng of battle, who remained

mained firmly and constantly at your side?—who presented as a shield to you, a breast unaccustomed to the steely armour by which your's is defended?

Pizarro. Dearest Elvira, while in valour you are a man, in love you are a perfect woman. My whole heart, and half my booty, by right, are your's.

Elvira. Half your booty?—then I claim Alonzo as my prisoner.

Pizarro. Excuse me!—I reserve the division to myself.

Elvira. Can you refuse, when I entreat, when I moisten your cheek with my tears?

Pizarro. Yes, even then.---(After a pause) Elvira, what can I think of this?---Are you captivated by the boy's smooth face?

Elvira. No, I love you still; but I wish to see you worthy of my love. In battle, chance may snatch victory from your hands, but in a contest with yourself, victory is always in your power, and these are the most glorious of all triumphs, 'tis then you truly appear a hero---and none but a hero can Elvira love.

Pizarro. You entreat in vain.---Take heed, Elvira, lest this anxiety for the fate of a stranger, should excite suspicions in my breast.---You know the Spanish character---you know me.

Elvira. Yes, I do know thee!--I know thee to be jealous of female favour, jealous also of fame. Thou wilt not, by blasting the latter, render thyself unworthy of the former, and tear asunder the only bond which unites Elvira's heart to thine.

Pizarro. Every word you utter, confirms Alonzo's sentence.

Elvira. Then, our eternal separation is sealed!--Go and whet thy sword for the neck of a prisoner, whose chains are not considered as sufficient security for thy precious life. Gladly has Elvira wiped away the blood and dust from the forehead of her hero after a battle, but she never defiled her hands with the dust of flight, or the blood of assassination. The arm which shall be raised against a defenceless enemy, never more shall encircle a woman whose soul is noble!--The lips which can unite mockery with a sentence of death, never shall press mine!--I know well that revenge may be sweet and grateful—but no longer

longer than while the enemy is armed in defiance against us—if he fall, vengeance falls with him.—He who feels otherwise, I pity—he who acts otherwise, I despise.

Pizarro. (*After a pause, looking at her with a contemptuous smile*) Thou art a woman!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.—ELVIRA *alone.*

A woman! knowest thou that,—and dost thou not tremble?—Knowest thou, that as I love, so can I hate,—and dost thou not tremble?—Yes, man of blood, whom neither the strife of contending elements, nor the rage of a powerful enemy can terrify, thou shalt find thyself vulnerable to a woman who solemnly swears thy destruction. Alonzo shall live, and I will love him, not because youth and beauty smile upon his blooming cheeks, but because the idol which I worshipped in Pizarro, instead of pure ore, has proved base metal—because the temple, which appeared marble at a distance, has proved, on examination, merely varnished plaister.—Oh, Pizarro! Pizarro! I could even have pardoned the injury, if for the sake of a throne thou hadst proved faithful to thy promised love!—but having acted contemptibly, Elvira's heart is alienated for ever!—

[*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Tent in the Spanish Camp. The Time is past Midnight.*

ALONZO *alone.*

DESPISE death!—Such was the maxim among the Greeks and Romans; heathens endowed with exalted wisdom. Shame, then, on thee, Christian, that thou canst tremble before him, since what to them was no more than conjecture, to thee is certainty—that there is a better world!—Yet thou dost tremble!—Is it that the ardent sensibilities of youth revolt more keenly against an untimely death, than the blunted feelings of age?—What is an untimely death?—Shall Alonzo calculate his life only by the years he has numbered?—Does he not possess Cora?—Cora!—ah, this is the rosy bond that chains me irresistibly to life! Wife and child!—one holds me back by the tears of love, the other by the smile of innocence!—Oh, Cassius, thou wert not a husband! Seneca, thou wert not a father!—The voice of nature cries LIVE, and my heart loudly echoes back the sound!—Can this sentiment be a reproach to the man, and the hero?—Yet, Sovereign Disposer of my fate! though it be so, I must still incline to live!

SCENE II.—*Enter a SOLDIER, with two bottles of wine.*

Soldier. Here, Don Alonzo de Molina, be of good cheer, and drink.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. Who sent thee hither?

Soldier. I keep guard before your tent.

Alonzo. I thank your compassion for this refreshment.

Soldier. No thanks to me. 'Tis true, I am heartily grieved for your situation; but 'tis not in my power to assist you,—for I am poor.

Alonzo. Who gave you this wine?

Soldier. One who can give much sweeter things than wine—(*whispering*) Donna Elvira.

Alonzo. And who is Donna Elvira?

Soldier. Have you never heard of her?—She is our General's friend.

Alonzo. His friend?

Soldier. Yes, yes, his friend;—you understand me.

Alonzo. And Elvira, you say?—

Soldier. Sent you this wine.

Alonzo. Does she know me?

Soldier. Scarcely, I believe.

Alonzo. Go, and return her my thanks.

Soldier. Very well.

Alonzo. And take the wine with you.

Soldier. How?—won't you drink?

Alonzo. I have not drunk wine for several years.

Soldier. But a man in your situation wants support, and these bottles would inspire you with a noble resolution.

Alonzo. My good friend, I pity the wretch who cannot meet death courageously, without such inspiration.

Soldier. But it confuses the senses, and deadens pain.

Alonzo. Leave me, I pray you. Death is not a phantom from which I would seek to conceal myself by hiding my face in my pillow. Drink the wine yourself—the night is very cold, you will find it reviving.

Soldier. Certainly, I have no objection to that,—if you wish it. To do you justice it must be owned, that you are a brave knight, only 'tis a shame that you are become a heathen. If it were not sinful, I could find in my heart to weep for you. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—ALONZO *alone.*

Poor fellow! he knows not what he says!—Thy bounties, oh God! are not confined to one country, one
I religion!

religion!—Thou hast created the vine for the Spaniard, and the plantain for the Peruvian!—Thy streams moisten alike the meadows at the foot of the Pyrenees, and those bounded by the Cordilleras!—On our altars thou hast erected the cross as the symbol of thy favour; but thou smilest equally upon the sun on the breast of the Incas!

SCENE IV.—*Enter ELVIRA. As she enters, she calls to ALONZO.*

Elvira. Don Alonzo!

Alonzo. Who are you?—Come in.

Elvira. (*Approaching him*) Do you not know me?

Alonzo. Yes, amiable youth, I remember you well. You it was who ventured to expostulate with the incensed Pizarro, when he pronounced sentence of death upon me. Your form is indelibly impressed upon my heart.

Elvira. Live, Alonzo! for, know that I love you.

Alonzo. 'Tis truly generous, yet not less dangerous to shew favour to the unfortunate. At our former meeting, you withheld from me your name—but, oh noble young eagle, surrounded by vultures, fain would I know to whom I am so deeply indebted!

Elvira. Can you not guess?

Alonzo. How should that be possible?

Elvira. Where has humanity erected a nobler temple, than in the breast of woman?—Who can venture to defy tyrants with equal boldness, as woman?

Alonzo. Astonishment!—Is it a woman I behold? Perhaps Donna Elvira?

Elvira. The name, at least, seems not wholly unknown to you?—Yes, I am Elvira.

Alonzo. Such a visit!—at such an hour!—

Elvira. One who hastens to succour the oppressed, is regardless of the hour.

Alonzo. It is the last of my life.

Elvira. I tell you, no!

Alonzo. Pizarro has sworn my death.

Elvira. And I thy life.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. Accept my thanks—but I know how to die.

Elvira. For ever death and dying?—Are you one of those extraordinary beings who can sit calmly down upon the brink of the grave, and survey with complacency the gulf below?

Alonzo. What we cannot avoid, must be endured.

Elvira. Do you die willingly?

Alonzo. To answer that I do, were equally to deceive you and myself.

Elvira. Away, then!—instantly!

Alonzo. You can only joke?

Elvira. Then have I chosen an admirable time for sporting with a man.

Alonzo. These chains—my guards—

Elvira. To loosen chains, and blind the eyes of guards, is mere pastime to love.

Alonzo. To love!

Elvira. Call it what you will!—I, for my own part, am regardless whether or not I express my feelings according to scholastic rule. I saw you stand in chains before Pizarro, I heard you speak like an ancient Roman, and at that moment the chains glided from off your hands and fixed upon my heart. I felt it essential to my repose to save you: my soul is not formed to endure a tedious interval between the resolution and the action—I felt—and I have acted.

Alonzo. You come to save me?

Elvira. I come to save you, and to conjure you to save me!—to snatch me from this whirlpool where every struggle after fame is swallowed up in a torrent of blood!—to lead me from the path where avarice tramples the springing laurel beneath its feet!—I am not a woman cast in a common mould—my love is not of that tame and sequestered kind which can be content to sit quietly down at the spinning-wheel, surrounded by my children and tell them pretty infant stories—my heart thirsts for fame, and my lips must overflow with the noble actions performed by him I love. Look, my children, at this marble pillar—it was erected to commemorate the illustrious deeds of your father. Hear ye those shouts of acclamation?—they are uttered in honour of your father. Stretch out your little hands to our reconciled foes—your father has subdued them not less by magnanimity than

valour. Oh happy, thrice happy, the woman who can thus address these objects of her affection!—Of a love like this our sex may justly be proud, and such is mine—it is no common weakness. If on these terms, Alonzo, I am so fortunate as to please you, be it your part to make me forget the misery of being born a woman—henceforth we are united, and I save you.

Alonzo. If I understand you right, lovely woman, you ask what is beyond my power to grant.—I am married.

Elvira. To a heathen.

Alonzo. Still she is my wife, and in every climate love renders sacred the bonds of wedlock.

Elvira. Does she return your affection with equal tenderness?

Alonzo. Not merely with equal tenderness. Donna Elvira knows her sex, immeasurable alike in their love and hatred.

Elvira. Yet you would make her a mournful widow.

Alonzo. Our fates are in the hand of God.

Elvira. The common resource of those who have not spirit enough to act for themselves. Have you children?

Alonzo. One pledge of the purest love.

Elvira. Whom you would make an orphan.

Alonzo. Oh, my Fernando!

Elvira. Does it become the hero to lament, when he ought to act with vigour?—Hear me?—If, indeed, you are every thing to the heart of your wife?—if she cannot purchase your safety at too dear a rate? she will joyfully wave her claims upon you, and resign her husband as a recompense to his preserver.

Alonzo. That she would do most willingly.

Elvira. Well then!—

Alonzo. Never!—A hasty death will soon break my chains, and to avoid it, you would have me inflict on a tender wife, sorrows which only a lingering death could terminate. With suppressed anguish would she behold me in your arms, while I should only sob upon your bosom. Lovers can sacrifice any thing to their attachment, but that attachment itself.—We are every thing to each other.—I came into this country, to plunder it of its wealth—I have found here the choicest of all earthly treasures, an affectionate wife, and shall I cast her from me,

to purchase a wretched existence, which, without her, would be of no value? Oh, Cora! in your arms I have learnt what constitutes our only real happiness, and never will I quit them but to rest in the grave!—Leave me then, Signora,—leave me!—If on such terms only, you can save my life, I am grateful for your intentions—but farewell!

Elvira. I honour these sentiments. Yet, suffer me to cherish the proud opinion, that had your heart been free, I had deserved your love. Oh! I could almost envy your happy wife!—but away with the ignoble feeling!—hasten, Elvira, to stifle it by a disinterested action!—Come, then, Alonzo, take this dagger, and follow me. I will conduct you to the tent where Pizarro sleeps, and you shall plunge it into his haughty and unfeeling heart. Terror will then spread its wings over the whole camp, while amid the confusion raised by the first cry of murder, when the troops shall run hither and thither in wild astonishment, we will escape to your friends. There will I witness the tears of transport shed by your wife,—there will I hear the infant lisping of your child, and forget all my proud dreams. Come, follow me.

Alonzo. To murder a sleeping man?

Elvira. Your bitterest enemy.

Alonzo. I would not murder even the common enemy of all mankind, in his sleep.

Elvira. I detest this Pizarro, because he has been a traitor to me, and I despise him, because he is mean enough to trample under foot a fallen enemy. Generosity is due only to the generous!—deal by the villain as he would deal by others—free the earth from a monster who has been vomited forth from the Old World, to spread ruin and devastation in the New. Thy second country will reward the deed with triumphant acclamations—and honourable repose in the bosom of thy family will be the lot of thy future life. Hasten then, resolve!

Alonzo. I am resolved.

Elvira. To follow me.

Alonzo. No!—you must seek some other instrument to accomplish your vengeance. There was a time when Pizarro loved me, when together we dared every honourable danger in the field of battle—when I shared every meal that came to his table. An hundred times have I
slept

slept in peace by his side! and shall I murder him in his sleep?

Elvira. Hath he not torn asunder every bond between you?

Alonzo. The bond of his kindness to me can never be destroyed.

Elvira. Well, I will leave you a while. Solitude may awaken reason from her slumbers, and the terror of death restore you to your senses. Know that a large ransom has been offered for your freedom, which Pizarro has refused, and you have no other means of safety remaining, but what I propose.

Alonzo. Then I must die!

Elvira. Look toward the east—the ruddy streaks of morning begin to appear, they announce the near approach of your fate. The moments fly—but a few more are thine, and the opportunity once lost, never can return. I leave you to reflection. In a quarter of an hour I shall return to hear your final resolution. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—ALONZO *alone.*

Spare thyself so fruitless an enquiry, it will be made in vain!—Death may be a bitter medicine, but treachery is a luscious poison!—Heaven guard and protect my wife and child!—Heaven, and Rolla!—May they seek refuge in the mountains where dwell innocence and peace! and may my poor infant never know from what hapless blood he springs.—Thou great Jehovah!—or Sun!—for the name is indifferent to thee!—grant health and purity of mind to those I leave behind me!—all else is idle vanity!—Lo! there, the morning dawns over the hills; only one hour more is mine; I will endeavour to deprive the fear of death of its customary tribute.—I will lay me down to rest.—*(He lies down.)* Do thou, my unsullied conscience, call sleep to the assistance of thy friend!—my strength is exhausted, weariness presses down my eye-lids!—Come, gentle slumbers! prepare me for an acquaintance with your more powerful brother! *(He falls asleep.)*

SCENE

SCENE VI.—*A SOLDIER on guard walks backwards and forwards before the entrance of ALONZO's Tent.*

Soldier. Who's there?—answer quickly!—Who's there?

Rolla. (*Behind the scenes.*) A priest.

Soldier. What would you here, Reverend Father?

Rolla. (*Entering disguised in the habit of a Monk*)—Friend, I pray you, inform me where I can find the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo?

Soldier. He is in this tent.

Rolla. Allow me to speak to him!

Soldier. I dare not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Soldier. Not, if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is expected to be his fate?

Soldier. He dies at sun-rise.

Rolla. Ha!—then I come at the proper moment.

Soldier. To witness his death.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Soldier. Back—back—

Rolla. Is he alone?

Soldier. Yes.

Rolla. I intreat you to let me see him!

Soldier. You ask in vain; our orders are very strict.

Rolla. (*Drawing out the diamond sun which he had received from the king*) Look on these precious jewels.

Soldier. And what of them?

Rolla. They are your's; only let me speak with the prisoner.

Soldier. Do you suppose me capable of being corrupted? know that I am an old Castilian.

Rolla. Take them, and perform a good action.

Soldier. Back—back—I know my duty.

Rolla. Are you married?

Soldier. Yes.

Rolla. Have you any children?

Soldier. Four boys.

Rolla. Where did you leave them?

Soldier. (*In a softened voice*) At home, in my native country.

Rolla.

Rolla. Do you love your wife and children?

Soldier. (*Much affected*) My God! Do I love them?

Rolla. Suppose you were to die in this foreign land?

Soldier. Then I should charge my comrades to carry them my last blessing.

Rolla. And if, when your comrades arrive at home, any one should be so inhuman as to refuse them admittance to your wife and children?

Soldier. How! What do you mean?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child. That afflicted wife sent me hither to receive his last blessing for herself and her infant.

Soldier. Enter then.

Rolla. (*Advancing towards Alonzo*) Oh sacred nature, still true to thyself! Alonzo! where art thou!—Ha! there he lies asleep! (*Shakes him*) Alonzo!

Alonzo. (*Starting up*) Are you come for me so soon?—I am ready.

Rolla. Rouse thyself.

Alonzo. Ha!—What voice was that?

Rolla. 'Tis Rolla's voice.

Alonzo. Rolla!—am I indeed awake!—how came you hither?

Rolla. The present is not a time to waste in asking and answering questions. (*He takes off the Monk's habit*) For this disguise, I am indebted to the corpse of a priest who fell to-day in battle. Take it, and begone.

Alonzo. And you?—

Rolla. I will remain here in your place.

Alonzo. Never.

Rolla. No words, I intreat, but comply with my request!

Alonzo. And leave you to die for me?—rather twice endure the pangs of death myself!

Rolla. I shall not die. It is Alonzo's life that Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's. The utmost I have to fear, is a short imprisonment, from which your arm shall set me free.

Alonzo. How little do you know Pizarro's gloomy soul! When he shall find by what means he has been deprived of his prey, in the rage of disappointment, you will be instantly sacrificed to his revenge.

Rolla.

Rolla. No, no, a large ransom—

Alonzo. His thirst of vengeance even exceeds his avarice.

Rolla. And what if it should prove so?—I am alone in the world,—a single unconnected being, on whose life no other hangs—a solitary shrub standing in the midst of a sandy desert,—let it be cut down! who will feel its loss?—happy, only if it can thus become the means of warming one worthy heart. You, on the contrary, are a husband and a father,—the happiness or misery of a charming wife, and helpless infant, hang upon your life—take the garment, therefore,—and away!

Alonzo. Would you make me the cowardly murderer of my friend?—would you save my life—only to embitter it with inexpressible torments?

Rolla. Never bestow a thought on me, but in Cora's arms. One tear mingled with the cup of joy, is all that I require. I have *lived* in the world to little purpose, do not deny me the consoling reflection, that at least I shall not die in vain.

Alonzo. Can a friend torture me thus?—My last hours were sufficiently painful without this.

Rolla. I cannot even bring you a farewell from a beloved wife, for she is insensible to every thing. She only recovers from one swoon, to fall into another.

Alonzo. Oh, my Cora!

Rolla. Her life is in danger, unless she see you speedily.

Alonzo. Her life!

Rolla. If you die, she dies, and your poor child is left an orphan.

Alonzo. Rolla will be his father.

Rolla. Do you suppose, that Rolla can survive the loss of Cora?

Alonzo. Grant me strength, Oh God, to support this conflict!

Rolla. And what do you expect to gain by your obduracy?—If you will not escape, neither will I. Here I am determined to remain, nor shall any power force me from you.—You shall be gratified with the pleasing spectacle of beholding Rolla fall by your side, then will Cora be left utterly forlorn.

K

Alonzo.

Alonzo. Oh, Rolla! my feelings are nearly overpowered.

Rolla. A moment's pause, and all is lost!—escape, and all may yet be well. We need not fear sentence being immediately passed upon me. I will amuse Pizarro with hopes of making important discoveries.—I will endeavour to protract the time while you repair to our camp, collect a body of chosen young men, and at night burst like a storm upon our enemies, and lead back your friend in triumph. Hasten, Alonzo, the day breaks,—do not delay, but fly to Cora's arms, save her life, and then return to save mine.

Alonzo. Rolla, whither would you drive me?

Rolla. Do I require any thing dishonourable? (*He throws the friar's garment over Alonzo*) Conceal thy face, and hold thy chains fast, that their clanking may not betray thee. There, go, and God be with thee!—remember me kindly to Cora, and tell her that she did me injustice.

Alonzo. (*Embracing him*) My friend, I have no words!—

Rolla. Do I not feel thy warm tears upon my cheek?—Go, I am fully repaid.

Alonzo. In a few hours I return either to free thee or to share thy death. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—ROLLA alone, looking after him.

He is gone!—Now for the first time in my life have I been guilty of deception!—the God of truth pardon me!—He flatters himself with the hope of seeing me again speedily—Yes, in another world, perhaps—in a world where Cora will love me!—Oh, selfish man!—Is not all this done to serve thyself, that when Cora shall ascend to our common Father, her first question may be, where is Rolla?—But, who comes here?

SCENE

SCENE VIII.—*Enter ELVIRA.*

Elvira. Well, Alonzo, have you considered better of this matter? (*She perceives Rolla*) Ha! how is this? who art thou? where is Alonzo?

Rolla. Which question shall I answer first?

Elvira. Where is Alonzo?

Rolla. Gone.

Elvira. Escaped?

Rolla. Yes.

Elvira. He must be pursued. (*Going*)

Rolla. (*Stepping before her*) Hold!—that must not be!

Elvira. Insolent man!—I will call the guards.

Rolla. Whatever you please, so that Alonzo gain time.

Elvira. (*Again endeavouring to go*) If you dare to touch me!—

Rolla. You stir not from this place (*He clasps her in his arms*)

Elvira. (*Drawing a dagger*) This shall force me a passage—through your heart.

Rolla. As you please—but falling, I shall still clasp you.

Elvira. Indeed!—Are such your sentiments?—The acquaintance of such a man is valuable. Release me—I will remain here.

Rolla. (*Quitting his hold*) It is enough!—Alonzo must by this time be at some distance.

Elvira. And has escaped by your help.

Rolla. By mine alone.

Elvira. How could you dare to run so great a hazard?

Rolla. Why hesitate to encounter it?

Elvira. Are you prepared to suffer death instead of him?

Rolla. Should it be necessary.

Elvira.

Elvira. You are no common friend.

Rolla. I am not actuated by friendship.

Elvira. By what motive then?

Rolla. 'Tis immaterial to you.

Elvira. I observe that you are sparing of your words.

Rolla. My province is rather to act, as you may perceive.

Elvira. Who are you?

Rolla. My name is Rolla.

Elvira. The Peruvian General?

Rolla. I was so, once.

Elvira. Is it possible?—you in our power?

Rolla. Perfectly so.

Elvira. You have been flighted, perhaps, and thirst of vengeance has driven you hither?

Rolla. What mean you by flighted?

Elvira. Your king has not rewarded you according to your deserts.

Rolla. Far beyond them.

Elvira. And yet you are here!—You are urged neither by thirst of revenge, nor by emotions of friendship—yet are here!

Rolla. Even so!

Elvira. I know of only one other passion which could prompt such rashness.

Rolla. And that is—

Elvira. Love.

Rolla. Right.

Elvira. You love then?—and whom?

Rolla. 'Tis immaterial to you.

Elvira. And you hope by this step—

Rolla. I do not hope any thing.

Elvira. I understand you now,—the object of your love is dead, and despair has brought you hither.

Rolla. As you please.

Elvira. I pity you sincerely.

Rolla. I thank you.

Elvira. Is your loss irreparable?

Rolla. Wholly irreparable.

Elvira. And at these early years, will you renounce life, and the enjoyment of your fame?

Rolla. Fame is only the gift of posterity.

Elvira.

Elvira. But supposing you could render farther services to your native country?

Rolla. I shall, unless put to death here.

Elvira. In what way?

Rolla. By fighting against you.

Elvira. And you dare to tell me that to my face?

Rolla. 'Tis pity that you are not Pizarro.

Elvira. Why so?

Rolla. Then had I said it to Pizarro's face.

Elvira. Ha!—you seem a man after my own heart.

Rolla. If so, strive to resemble me.

Elvira. I resemble you!—I, a weak woman!

Rolla. A woman?

Elvira. You are surpris'd.

Rolla. No.

Elvira. True,—the hero should not be surpris'd at any thing.

Rolla. Least of all at a woman.

Elvira. Not even if she were capable of a great action.

Rolla. Not even then.

Elvira. You respect our sex?

Rolla. It is better, and worse, than ours.

Elvira. Suppose I were to restore you,—and with you the blessing of peace, to your native country? would you reckon me among the better?

Rolla. Perhaps so.

Elvira. Only *perhaps*?

Rolla. Is it sufficient to see the action, without knowing the motives that prompted it?

Elvira. Proud man!—how is your friendship to be obtained?

Rolla. By friendship.

Elvira. I will endeavour to obtain it. The morning but just begins to dawn, there is yet time—take this dagger and follow me.

Rolla. Whither?

Elvira. I will conduct you to the tent, where Pizarro sleeps: you shall dispatch him—and then we will fly. Thus you will save yourself from inevitable death, and deliver your native country from a dreadful scourge.

Rolla. How has Pizarro injured you?

Elvira. My love was firmly united to his fame. The
fame

same stroke, which blasted the latter, has annihilated the former.

Rolla. You loved him once?

Elvira. So I thought, when I heard him the theme of universal admiration.

Rolla. And you now propose that I should murder him in his sleep?

Elvira. Would he not have murdered Alonzo in chains? We deal with him, only as he would deal with others. A man is equally defenceless in chains, as when asleep.

Rolla. Give me the dagger.

Elvira. Take it.

Rolla. Now go on.

Elvira. You must first stab the soldier who guards the tent.

Rolla. Must I?

Elvira. Else he will raise an alarm.

Rolla. Then, take back the dagger.

Elvira. Why so?

Rolla. This soldier is a man.

Elvira. Well?

Rolla. A MAN!—Do you understand me?—Not every one who bears the human form deserves that name.

Elvira. What do you mean?

Rolla. Against gold this soldier was incorruptible. He was overcome by his feelings. He is my brother; I will not injure him.

Elvira. Then we must endeavour to deceive him.—Conceal the dagger.—What ho! there?—Guard!—

SCENE IX.—*The SOLDIER enters the Tent.*

Soldier. What would you have?

Elvira. Where is your prisoner?

Soldier. Where, but here—(*He sees Rolla*) How!—What is the meaning of this! (*He looks about*) Blessed God! Alonzo is gone!

Elvira. And you are lost.

Soldier.

Soldier. (*Addressing Rolla*) You have deceived me—Ah, I must die!—Oh my poor wife!—my poor children!

Rolla. Be not uneasy—Pizarro has lost nothing by the exchange—I pledge my word for your safety.

Elvira. And I mine. But the General must be immediately informed of the accident—I will conduct this man to his tent.—Do you accompany us.

Soldier. He will order me to instant execution.

Elvira. Have we not both pledged ourselves for his mercy?

Soldier. Ah, good lady!—for my poor children's sake!—

Elvira. Only do as we desire, and trust to us that not an hair of your head shall be touched. Come on, Rolla!—are you resolved?

Rolla. I am ready to follow you.

Elvira. And may the angel appointed to destroy tyrants, conduct our footsteps! [Exeunt

SCENE X.—*The inside of PIZARRO's tent.*

PIZARRO alone, lying upon a couch; he tosses about in disturbed sleep, and at intervals utters broken sentences.

Blood!—blood!—no mercy!—revenge!—revenge!—Off with his head!—there lies the trunk!—Ha! ha! ha! Look at the flaxen hair—all dyed with blood!—

SCENE XI.—*Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA.*

Elvira. There he lies—now, quickly!

Rolla. Go you, and leave me alone with him.

Elvira. Why so!

Rolla. I cannot stab in the presence of a woman.

Elvira. But—

Rolla. Go, or I awaken him.

Elvira. Then, call me when the deed is done.

Rolla. Wait without.

Elvira.

Elvira. Be quick, lest it be too late. [Exit.

Rolla. (*Goes up to Pizarro with folded arms, and observes him earnestly*) And this is the man who has so long disturbed our peace! the robber whom some angry god has sent as a scourge among us!—He seems to be really asleep.—Oh, God! and can a Pizarro sleep!

Pizarro. Leave me!—leave me!—away ye phantoms!—Oh!—oh!

Rolla. I was mistaken—he cannot sleep!—Come hither, ye hardened villains!—look here!—such are the slumbers of the wicked.

Pizarro. (*Starting up terrified*) Who's there!—Ho!—Guards!

Rolla. (*Producing the dagger*) Not a word, or you die this instant.

Pizarro. Treason! treason!

Rolla. Speak softly, I command you!

Pizarro. And who are you?

Rolla. A Peruvian, as you see, and my name is Rolla. Your life is in my power,—to call for help would be vain, for my arm would be quicker than your guard.

Pizarro. What would you have?

Rolla. Not your life—for had that been my aim, I could have taken it as you slept—I forbore to do so, be not alarmed therefore for your safety.

Pizarro. Speak, then, what is your business?

SCENE XII.—*Re-enter ELVIRA hastily.*

Elvira. Ha! how is this! (*To Rolla*) Traitor!

Rolla. Rolla is no assassin.

Pizarro. Who then is one? (*He fixes his eyes on Elvira*) Thou!—thou!—base woman?

Elvira. Had I loved assassination, thy life had answered my purpose better than thy death. But know, that neither vengeance nor jealousy urged me to this step—humanity alone raised my dagger against thee. It was aimed at the ravisher of crowns, the oppressor of an injured people. I wished to restore to Peru that peace of which
thy

thy tyranny has deprived her, and 'twas therefore I resolved upon thy death.

Rolla. Had the deed been as noble as the end proposed, how had I admired you!

Elvira. The deed was noble, as the only means of attaining the noblest object to which my heart ever aspired. Oh, why did I not take the execution on myself!—why did I entrust to another a work of such importance!—Know, unseasonable Philanthropist, that I had shewn more compassion by striking this blow, than you have shewn by your forbearance!

Pizarro. Silence, frantic woman! and behold the compassion I shall extend to you! Ho, there!—Guards! (*Enter Guards*) Seize this woman! she sought to murder your General. Let her be kept in the closest confinement, and let new torments be devised—

Elvira. You remain PIZARRO, as I ELVIRA. Death is to me a welcome friend, since this stroke has failed;—yet, ere I go, hear me!—I would, through compassion, have dismissed thee from the world without torture, but thou art condemned by a superior power to breathe out thy soul amid the bitterest pangs of repentance, and the severest lashes of conscience.—Go on, then! murder me also, thou scourge of the human race! but remember that thy deceitful tongue first led me into the path of guilt—first beguiled me of my innocence, my happiness! Do not the last words of my mother, as she cursed the seducer of her child, still vibrate in thy ears?—Dost thou not hear the groans of my dying brother, who, in seeking atonement for a sister's ruined honour, fell by thy murderous sword?—Yes, tyrant!—tyrant!—whether thou shalt follow me sooner or later into the gloomy shades of death, the music which thou hast thyself prepared for thy reception, is ever ready to welcome thee!—the curses of my mother, the dying groans of my brother, and the shrieks of thousands of innocent victims, imprecating vengeance on thy guilty head.

Pizarro. (*Endeavouring to suppress his agitation*) Will no one fulfil my commands?

Elvira. You, Rolla, have deceived me—but accept my forgiveness, and let not your contempt follow me to the grave. I was once innocent, pious, and a stranger to sorrow. Oh! did you know the artifices by which this

I,

hypocrite

hypocrite deluded my guileless heart!—how he gradually undermined every virtuous principle in my bosom, and led me, step by step, into the abyss of vice, you must, you would, pity me!

Rolla. I pity you sincerely.

Elvira. Pity from thee is a cooling drop to assuage the fever that rages in my conscience.—Farewel!—(*To Pizarro*) And thou!—thou, who living, must anticipate the torments of a future world—go on, pursue thy career of guilt, but remember, that the time will come when we shall meet again!—Yes, tyrant, we shall meet again!—The protracted torture with which I am threatened, I despise—my mind is still unconquered.—Greatly to live, has been denied me by fate!—It cannot prevent me from greatly dying! [*Exeunt guards with Elvira.*]

SCENE XIII.—PIZARRO and ROLLA.

Rolla. I would not, on any account, be in thy place!

Pizarro. Now, explain, I intreat, how this double miracle has been accomplished, that I should see thee here, and as the protector of my life.

Rolla. I came to rescue my friend, Alonzo.

Pizarro. Then art thou come in vain. My obligations to thee are great—ask whatever thou wilt, in acknowledgment of thy services, except the life of this man.

Rolla. He is no longer in thy power.

Pizarro. Who is no longer in my power?

Rolla. Alonzo.

Pizarro. He has escaped?

Rolla. Yes.

Pizarro. Curses on the boy!—how was that possible?

Rolla. How was it possible!—You despise us as barbarians, but learn, that we are not strangers to the most powerful feelings of friendship.

Pizarro. Ha!—thou hast then dared—

Rolla. Disguised in the habit of a monk, I reached Alonzo's tent—made him assume my borrowed form,
under

under shelter of which he fled, while I remained in his vengeance.

Pizarro. Oh, you have deprived me of the noblest vengeance.

Rolla. He is a General, so am I. Take my life instead of his.

Pizarro. Peruvian, you extort my admiration.

Rolla. Yet I feel myself humbled, when I reflect that I must only share this admiration with a woman. Elvira's visit to him was, doubtless, with the same view.

Pizarro. Did Elvira visit him?---vile woman!---No, no, she had far other motives,---she meant to have confided to him the commission, which, not finding him, she entrusted to you. Oh! then what gratitude ought I not to feel, that you promoted Alonzo's flight at so critical a moment!---had the dagger been placed in his hand instead of your's, my destruction had been inevitable.

Rolla. I think not so injuriously of my friend. He would have acted as I have done.

Pizarro. Of that I doubt---and must, therefore, continue to regard myself as deeply bound to you. Tell me how I can recompence a service so important?

Rolla. Can you make that a question?

Pizarro. You are at liberty.

Rolla. That I could not doubt.

Pizarro. Confess that thy enemy is not beneath thee in magnanimity.

Rolla. He does his duty.

Pizarro. Go, and should we meet again with arms in our hands---

Rolla. We will fight as becomes men of valour.

Pizarro. I shall always avoid doing thee an injury.

Rolla. Do not say so; for, now I know thee, thou wilt be the first person I shall seek in the field of battle. Meanwhile, farewell!---God amend thee!---(*He is going, but returns*) Yet one word more. The soldier who guarded Alonzo's tent, performed his duty---he is innocent of the prisoner's escape--pardon him!

Pizarro. This is no slight request.

Rolla. If it appear unreasonable, let me remain here, and suffer whatever punishment he has incurred.

Pizarro. Would you hazard your life for a common soldier?

Rolla. He is a man whom I have involved in misfortune.

Pizarro. Go in peace!--he has my pardon.

Rolla. Give me your hand upon it.

Pizarro. (*Giving his hand*) And let us be friends.

Rolla. Live quietly among us, serve your God peaceably, and leave us peaceably to serve ours, be the friend of virtue, and you will be mine!

Pizarro. Consign over to me the object for which I contend,---the throne of Quito---

Rolla. Enough!--farewel!-- [Exit.

Pizarro. (*Alone, after a pause*) And I have suffered him to leave me quietly!--How dangerous it is to listen to the tongue of an enthusiast, since the mind is involuntarily swayed by his sentiments.---But I have given him my word.---My word!--And must I now consult the chaplain, to ascertain how far I am bound to keep my faith with a heathen?---But this heathen is a hero, and heroes throughout the world are of the same creed.---

[Exit.

SCENE XIV.---*An open place near the Peruvian camp.*

ATALIBA *reposing under a tree.*

How silent and desolate seems every thing around! ---Are not our feelings much the same after a victory, as after a fever? while we would fain rejoice over the danger past, there is scarcely strength remaining to utter our joy ---our smiles are drowned by tears, and the acclamations we hear are only echoed by a sigh. What a dearly-earned prize is victory!--The records of history, while they tell of the numbers that fall in battle, are silent as to those whom every conflict renders miserable.--The barbed arrow appears to strike only one heart, but in that one, it often pierces an hundred. Oh, how gladly would I exchange all my victories for a single harvest-home!

SCENE.

SCENE XV.---Enter a COURTIER.

Courtier. The herald is returned, but brings us no consolation.

Ataliba. Is Alonzo dead?

Courtier. He is still alive, but the Spaniards reject the proffered ransom. *Your treasures, they arrogantly say, are ours; within a few days they will be in our possession, and we shall be your lords. In our power, consists our right.*

Ataliba. Not yet humbled! Are fresh supplies continually rising up among these serpents that hiss around my throne?---Where is Alonzo's wife?

Courtier. Fled with her child---but no one knows whither.---Rolla too has disappeared.---The army stands in mute astonishment at the tidings.

Ataliba. Rolla gone!---impossible!---Rolla forsake me! when I am surrounded by distress and danger!---Oh, God! is there no one to relieve the cares of royalty?---how gladly would I exchange situations with the lowest among my subjects!

SCENE XVI.---Enter ALONZO in his disguise.

Alonzo. Do I behold my sovereign once more?

Ataliba. Alonzo!---Art thou, indeed, Alonzo?

Alonzo. Where is my wife?

Ataliba. Oh welcome, but unexpected sight!

Alonzo. Where is my wife?

Ataliba. How did you escape?

Alonzo. Almost by a miracle.

Ataliba. Say how?

Alonzo. Who but Rolla could have made such a sacrifice to the sacred glow of friendship?---Who but Rolla could have forced his way to my prison, under such a disguise?---He it was who loosened my chains to fix them upon himself.

Ataliba.

Ataliba. Rolla in the enemy's power!---Ah! thou hast indeed wounded me afresh.

Alonzo. Give me a sword, with five hundred resolute men, that I may hasten to save him!

Ataliba. Shall I hazard in you my last support?

Alonzo. The enemy is dispirited, the camp on the right side weakly fortified, Pizarro has made himself odious by his barbarities, the soldiers begin to murmur against him, let us not leave them time to recollect themselves. One more victory, and we shall drive them back to the ocean, where the waves will swallow up our plagues, and their rapacity.

Ataliba. Well then, I will myself survey their camp, to ascertain where, and how, an attack may be possible.

Alonzo. Oh, do not expose yourself to such danger!---Consider that you are our king.

Ataliba. Wherever danger may threaten the children, thither the father should hasten himself.

Alonzo. No, leave it to me!---only suffer me first to embrace my dearest wife.

Ataliba. (*With embarrassment*) Your wife?

Alonzo. Cora must, undoubtedly, have suffered much upon my account.

Ataliba. Alas! she has suffered most severely!

Alonzo. But in another moment her sufferings shall be at an end.

Ataliba. Where would you seek her?

Alonzo. Is she not here?

Ataliba. Anguish has driven her hence.

Alonzo. Whither?

Ataliba. Alas! we know not. Perhaps among the mountains, to her father.

Alonzo. Oh, God! what a shivering has seized my whole frame.

Courtier. She was seen upon the field of battle, and heard to call upon your name till night came on, when she rushed into the forest.

Alonzo. Into the forest!---which swarms with the enemy!---(*Going*)

Ataliba. Alonzo, whither would you go?

Alonzo. Whithersoever despair and anguish may drive me!---Good Inca, thou art safe, the vanquished enemy dare not at present hazard an attack. Oh then, thou protector

lector of every right! respect the rights of nature!—my Cora, my child, my all, is lost!—Release the General for a few moments from his duty, that the husband may seek his distracted wife.

Ataliba. I participate in your agony!—Go, but do not forget Rolla.

Alonzo. Cora!—Rolla!—Some good angel direct my uncertain steps!—

[*Exit.*

Ataliba. (*To the Courtier*) Lend me your sword for a moment. (*The Courtier gives him his sword; the King endeavours to brandish it, but finds himself unable*). It will not do!—Unhappy king!—What avail a prudent head and a willing heart, when the strength is wholly exhausted!—

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.---*A thick Forest. In the Back Ground a Hut formed of Boughs of Trees. Thunder and Lightning.*

CORA enters with her Child in her Arms; her Hair hangs wildly about her Neck; she pants for Breath, and appears nearly exhausted.

CORA.

I CAN no more!---Nature is weaker than Love!--my heart would urge me forwards---but---my strength is gone! ---Sweet child! how soundly he sleeps!---Ah! his father sleeps too!---The child will wake again, but the father, never!---never!---Oh! why am I a mother?---why does this infant chain me to life?---Miserable wretch that I am, I dare not die!---Where am I?---Whither does anguish drive me?---The lightning flashes among the trees, but it shews no path---The thunder rolls among the mountains, and overpowers my feeble voice---I can go no further---my feet will no longer bear me. (*She sinks down under a tree.*) Still dost thou sleep, smiling angel?--Glare around, ye lightnings! Roll on, thou thunder! yet this infant innocence still slumbers securely in his mother's arms. I will make a bed of moss and leaves, and spread my veil over him,---then lie down by his side and die. (*She collects moss and leaves, and makes a bed for her child, then lays him down, and covers him with her veil.*) There lie and sleep! and mayst thou never awake to seek in vain for nourishment at the breast of thy lifeless mother!---A mist obscures my senses!---every limb is faint! every nerve unstrung!---Is this death? (*She leans against a tree.*)

(*Alonzo's*

(Alonzo's voice is heard at a distance) Cora!

Cora. *(Starting)* What sound was that?

Alonzo. *(Still at a distance)* Cora!

Cora. Is it the echo of the thunder among the mountains?

Alonzo. Cora!

Cora. Hark!—did'n't I hear a spirit call!

Alonzo. *(Somewhat nearer)* Cora!

Cora. Oh, my heart, do not deceive me!—It is Alonzo's voice!

Alonzo. *(Still somewhat nearer)* Cora!

Cora. *(Moving a few steps towards the voice)* Alonzo, where are you?

Alonzo. Cora!

Cora. *(Following the voice a few steps further)* 'Tis he! Alonzo!

Alonzo. *(Approaching)* Cora!

Cora. *(Still going towards the sound)* I seem to gain new strength.—Alonzo!

Alonzo. Cora! where are you?

Cora. Here!—here!—*(She disappears among the trees; her voice and Alonzo's are heard for some time, calling to each other,—till at last by a reciprocal exclamation of transport, they appear to have met.)*

SCENE II.—*Enter two SPANISH SOLDIERS, drunk.*

First Soldier. Brother, whither are you leading me?

Second. Wherever you please, brother.

First. We have lost our way.

Second. We shall do, if we keep the Sun on our left hand.

First. The Sun!—Can you see the sun?

Second. Fool! who can see the sun when 'tis behind thunder-clouds?

First. Then, if we keep the lightning on the left hand?—

Second. That will do as well.—We are not far from the camp, I heard the outposts call Cora!

First. That's the watch-word, I suppose.

Second. Aye, aye, come along. *(They perceive the child.)*

M

First.

First. Halloo! brother! What have we here?

Second. A child, as I live!

First. How came it here?

Second. What is to be done with it?

First. 'Tis no concern of ours, let it lie, 'tis a heathen's child.

Second. It sleeps so sweetly.---I have one at home, just like it.---I have a great mind to take it with me.

First. Take it, if you please, but don't give it to me if you find it heavy, and grow tired of it.

Second. (*Taking the child in his arms*) Poor little daer! 'tis as light as a feather.

First. 'Tis plaguy dark, here---out of the forest, we shall have more light.

Second. Well, well, go on!

[*Exeunt soldiers with the child.*]

Cora's voice is heard on the opposite side. This way, Alonzo, it was here I left him.

Second Soldier. (*Behind the scenes*) The boughs run into one's eyes, at every step.

Cora. (*Approaching nearer*) My heart cannot deceive me, I am sure we are at the spot.

Soldier. (*At a greater distance*) Down yonder to the left, I see the camp.

SCENE III. *Enter CORA and ALONZO.*

Cora. Here is the place; it was under this tree!—
(*She runs up to the tree, but finding only the veil, and the child gone, she shrieks, and sinks to the ground.*)

Alonzo (*Throwing himself by her*) Cora, what is the matter?

Cora (*Raising herself up*) He is gone!

Alonzo. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone!

Alonzo. Let us seek him.

Cora. My child!—O my child!

Alonzo. Where did he lie?

Cora. (*Throwing herself on the spot*) Here!

Alonzo.

Alonzo. He waked, and has crawled to a little distance.

Cora. (*Starts up and searches about*) Oh, no!---he is gone!

Alonzo. Be calm! he will certainly be found.

Cora. Fernando!---my Fernando!

Alonzo. He cannot be far off. Are you certain this was the place?

Cora. Was not the veil lying here?---He is torn in pieces by wild beasts!

Alonzo. Do not think the worst.

Cora. I cannot think---I only see my mangled child.

Alonzo. Cora, for God's sake---

Cora. There is no God!

Alonzo. What a dreadful assertion!

Cora. What have I done to deserve the load of misery heaped upon me?

Alonzo. Cora!---dearest wife!---calm these transports!

Cora. (*Lifting her eyes to heaven*) Give me my child, or death!

Alonzo. Do you not see a hut among the trees?

Cora. Ha!---there lives the wretch who has robbed me of my child! (*She hastens towards the hut*)

Alonzo. Cora, beware! it may be inhabited by Spaniards.

Cora. I will go, were it the abode of dæmons!

Alonzo. Let me go first. (*Knocks at the door*)

SCENE IV. *Enter LAS-CASAS, from the Hut.*

Las-Casas. Who knocks?

Cora. Give me back my child.

Las-Casas. Young woman, what would you have?

Alonzo. Oh, God! do not my eyes deceive me!---
Las-Casas!

Las-Casas. Alonzo, do I behold thee again? (*Embracing him*)

Alonzo. My kind instructor!

Las-Casas. My beloved friend!

Cora. Where have you concealed my child?

Las-Cafas. What is the meaning of this?

Alonzo. In what a moment of distress, have we met again!

Cora. Good old man, you seem not destitute of humanity!—have compassion upon a wretched mother!

Las-Cafas. I do not understand you,

Cora. I will be your servant as long as I live—my child shall be your slave.

Las-Cafas. Is she distracted?

Alonzo. She is my wife, we have lost our child,

Las-Cafas. Where did you lose him?

Alonzo. He was left sleeping under yon' tree.

Las-Cafas. Did you leave him?

Cora. Oh, you are right! I was an unnatural mother, I forsook my child, the chastisement of the gods pursues me.

Las-Cafas. Would that it were in my power to afford you consolation!

Alonzo. Assist me to support this misery.

Cora. (*Distracted*) Look at the speckled snake! how he winds round the child's body!--Ha! hear how the venomous reptile hisses---see! with his sting he pierces my poor boy's heart!

Alonzo. Dearest Cora, recollect yourself.

Cora. Look at the dreadful Condor, hovering in the air!--See! he darts down upon his prey! he fixes his claws in the helpless creature!--Ha! look at the savage Tyger, crouching behind the bush---see! he springs forward---look! the blood gushes out! help! help! (*She throws herself upon the ground*)

Alonzo. (*Kneeling by her*) Oh, my wife!--my son!--

Las-Cafas. And, must the form of misery pursue me, even into this desert?

Alonzo. Console us, Las-Cafas!—my kind instructor, console us! do not forsake us at this dreadful hour!

Las-Cafas. I will remain with you—but we are not safe near the Spanish camp. Hasten to your own friends; I will accompany you.

Alonzo. How shall we bear away this poor creature?

Las-Cafas. Let us endeavour to recover her.

Alonzo. Come, dearest Cora, let us go.

Cora,

Cora. (*Raising her head*) Go!—whither?

Alonzo. To our own camp.

Cora. Shall I leave this spot?—this spot where my child died!

Alonzo. We are so near the enemy.

Cora. Barbarian!—will you even prevent my collecting the bones of my child.

Alonzo. Thy father and brother are arrived at the camp.

Cora. I have neither father nor brother.—I once had a son.

Alonzo. We will seek for him.

Cora. (*Springing up*) Seek for him! Oh, where! where!

Alonzo. And this old man will assist us.

Cora. Yes, good old man, assist us to look for him!

Las-Casas. Most willingly, only be calm.

Cora. Have you any children?

Las-Casas. No.

Cora. Then I can pardon you. Would you calm a mother, give her back her lost child. (*She rushes out*)

Las-Casas. (*Hastening after her*) Endeavour to lead her to the right—that way lies your camp.

Alonzo. The sight of you was to me like beholding an angel, [Exeunt.

SCENE V.---An out-post of the Spanish camp.

ROLLA bound in chains, is dragged in by several soldiers.

A Soldier. Hither, thou worshipper of idols.

Rolla. I was set at liberty by Pizarro himself.

Soldier. We know nothing about that, and no heathen escapes from us with life,---much less with liberty. Come, away to the General's tent.

Another Soldier. Silence, brother!---behold the General.

Pizarro. (*Entering*) What is the matter here?---Ha! ---Do I see right?---Rolla?

Rolla. (*Sarcastically*) Yes, Rolla!—To your astonishment, I suppose.

Pizarro.

Pizarro. And bound!

Rolla. So fast that he need not give you any uneasiness.

Pizarro. Who has dared to treat thus injuriously the man that saved my life.

Soldier. He acknowledges himself to be a General among his own people. He wanted to steal through our outposts.

Rolla. (*Contemptuously*) Steal!

Soldier. We stopped him, and Almagro ordered us to put him in chains.

Pizarro. (*To Rolla*) You find that I am innocent of this. (*To the Soldiers*) Take off his chains! (*They obey*) It is humiliating, to behold a hero like Rolla unarmed; take this. (*Gives him a sword*) Now, understand the Spanish character. We can esteem generosity even in an enemy.

Rolla. (*Taking the Sword*) And a Peruvian knows how to forget injuries. I pardon you.

Pizarro. Nor will you, I trust, withdraw that pardon, even though I should confess, that I cannot be angry with my people, since I am indebted to this accident for a second interview with such a man.

Rolla. Enough of smooth words—let me depart.

Pizarro. At your own pleasure. Yet suffer me to cherish the pleasing hope, that this renewed acquaintance may be the means of bringing us to a better understanding. Rolla and Pizarro were not created to live in eternal enmity.

Rolla. I promise thee my friendship, as soon as the ocean shall lie between us.

Pizarro. How, if we could be united by one common object?—When we met before, you heard with impatience my hopes of ascending the throne of Quito. That idea I now renounce, and only ask that you submit to the Spanish sceptre, and embrace the Christian faith—then will peace be established between us on a solid and permanent basis.

Rolla. Wonderful moderation!

Pizarro. On Pizarro's friendship hangs the protection of a mighty monarch—and this friendship Pizarro offers, while he tenders you his hand.

Rolla.

Rolla. Rolla is no traitor.

Pizarro. By accepting the offer, you will avert a load of misery from your country.

Rolla. I owe my country, the sacrifice of my life, but not of my honour.

Pizarro. You would only deprive a weak king of a station to which he is unequal.

Rolla. Ataliba weak! --- But were he so, a king who makes his people happy, is strong in his people's love.

Pizarro. Consider this proposal well.

Rolla. It has been long decided by my conscience.

Pizarro. Recollect, that despised friendship rages with no less fury than despised love.

Rolla. Ha! --- this is what I expected! --- Why thus torment thyself, to seek for flimsy subterfuges? --- Throw off the mask at once.

Pizarro. (*Endeavouring to smother his rage*) Rolla, do not mistake me!

Rolla. May I depart?

Pizarro. (*After a struggle*) Yes, -- you may depart.

Rolla. Will nothing obstruct my return to our own camp?

Pizarro. Nothing --- unless repentance bring you back to us.

Rolla. Thanks to the gods! Rolla never found cause to repent any action of his life!

SCENE VI. --- *Enter the two SOLDIERS with the CHILD.*

First Soldier. General, we have found a child.

Pizarro. What is that to me? --- away with you.

Soldier. It was lying in the forest, not far from the camp.

Pizarro. Throw it into the first ditch you find.

Rolla.

Rolla. Gracious God! it is Alonzo's child.

Pizarro. How!

Rolla. (*To the Soldiers*) Give it to me.

Pizarro (*Stepping in between them*) Not so hasty!—Alonzo's child did you say?—Fortunate chance!—welcome, little creature!—thou shalt serve me as a scourge to chastise thy father's follies.

Rolla. Does Pizarro make war on children?

Pizarro. You cannot understand me. I have an old account to settle with Alonzo. I might instantly pay my debt by plunging a dagger into the breast of this child; but that were merely to pay him,—and I must now make him my debtor.

Rolla. You are right—I do not understand you.

Pizarro. What think you of elevating this little head upon the point of a lance?—Then, when the hero, Alonzo, shall be pressing forward through the thickest ranks of the enemy, bearing down all before him, like the waters of a rushing stream, what will be the mound to stop his progress?—the head of a child. See, where the hero stands motionless as a statue—his sword falls from his palsied hand—his eyes are immovably fixed, with a stare of horror, upon the bloody banner, from which drops still trickle down upon the lance.—This will be a fight! (*With malicious exultation.*)

Rolla. Pizarro, are you a man?

Pizarro. And when he returns home to the eagerly-expecting mother, as she throws her snowy arms around his neck, and with her silken hair wipes the bloody drops from his shoulder, then will he say, with a tender kiss, "My love! you suppose this to be the blood of an enemy—but no, no, it flowed from the veins of thine own child!"—Oh, glorious—

Rolla. Look, how the infant smiles!—And could you murder such innocence?

Pizarro. Could you wring the neck of a dove?

Rolla. Do you want a ransom?—I will send you ten times the boy's weight in silver.

Pizarro. Let it be cast into a statue of him, and placed upon his grave.

Rolla.

Rolla. Pizarro, you thanked me for your life—give me in return, the life of this child.

Pizarro. Do you seek to shame me by so paltry a request?

Rolla. Send back the child, and I will remain your prisoner.

Pizarro. You are at full liberty.

Rolla. Surely it is impossible that nature can have put thee out of her hands, in a manner so careless and unfinished, as not to have given human feelings to thy heart.—Behold me at thy feet,—the man who saved thy life,—who devotes himself to be thy slave, if thou wilt surrender this child to his parents!

Pizarro. The child shall remain here.

Rolla. (*With growing rage*) Pizarro hear me!

Pizarro. Either you instantly become the vassals of Spain, or this child remains my prisoner.

Rolla. Well then!—(*He springs forwards, hastily snatches the child from the soldier, clasps it with his left arm, and with his right draws his sword*) I have not received this weapon in vain,—this child is mine;—who dares attempt to follow me, dies. (*Exit hastily*)

Pizarro. Fool-hardy boaster!—audacious madman!—away soldiers, hasten after him; and, if possible, bring him back alive. (*Exeunt several soldiers*) What dæmon possesses this man!—Fool that I was, to give him a sword! (*Looking after Rolla*) How the madman defends himself!—he gains ground of his pursuers—by Heaven he will escape them!—away, more of you join the pursuit—no longer attempt to preserve his life—(*Exeunt other Soldiers*) Ah! I can no longer see him—the hill now conceals him from me. Madman, do not impute thy death to me!—I would gladly have made thee my friend, and discharged the obligations I owe thee. (*Several guns are heard fired at a distance*) Farewel! thou hast deserved an honourable death! (*Enter a Soldier*)—Well, what news?

Soldier. Be satisfied, General, the hero cannot proceed much farther—a shot hit him on the right side, and I saw him fall.

Pizarro. More gladly would I have heard that he was
N taken

taken alive. Presumptuous heathen!—to offer me defiance, in my own camp.

Soldier. Your order to spare him, has cost the lives of four of our soldiers. (*Another Soldier enters*)

Second Soldier. He has forced his way through every obstacle, and reached the out-posts of his own camp.

Pizarro. (*Stamping upon the ground*) Cursed fortune!

Second Soldier. But he is mortally wounded,—His death is certain.

Pizarro. And notwithstanding that, forced his way through?

Soldier. Never did I behold courage equal to his. All the fabulous feats of our Moorish knights, are nothing, compared with what he has actually performed. Four of us, who endeavoured to take him alive, fell by his sword. A shot from another levelled him with the ground, but he instantly started up again, laid the child down, and leaning against a tree, dealt his strokes around him every way, like the angel with the flaming sword, till two more were stretched dead at his feet. The rest then began to prepare their fire-arms, when he caught up the child, and darting forwards like an arrow, was quickly out of their reach—but the tree against which he had leaned, and the place where he stood, were dyed with blood, and by his blood, every step that he ran might be traced. The soldiers fired several shot after him, but he soon disappeared behind the hill.

Pizarro. Why did you not mount your horses?

Soldier. They were grazing behind the camp.

Pizarro. Cursed idolater!—and yet I cannot refuse him my warmest admiration. Give me a thousand such men;—and I would conquer the world. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII.—*An open place near the Peruvian camp.*

ATALIBA enters with folded arms, and wrapped in thought.

The enemy is quiet, my army sleeps, the storm has passed over, and no breath of wind whispers among the trees.—A
deep

deep and solemn silence reigns around, and all things both in the animate and the inanimate creation, seem to taste repose,—all but my throbbing heart. Why is that still restless? Why must I alone be haunted by the phantoms of the slain? Why must I alone be incessantly tormented with ideal sounds, as of dying groans?—Was it not for God and my native land, that my sword was drawn?

SCENE VIII.—*Enter CORA distracted.*

Cora. Whither do you lead me?—Where is my child's grave? (*Seeing Ataliba.*) Ha!—thou first-born of the Sun, give me back my child.

Ataliba. Cora, whence come you?

Cora. From the grave where they have laid my child, Oh! it is deep in the earth!—there all is cold and damp—Oh—h—h! how I shiver!

Ataliba. Ah! sight of woe! (*Enter Alonzo and Las-Casas.*)

Alonzo. Unhappy creature! whither does thy misery lead thee?

Cora. Silence! Alonzo, behold here, the first-born of our God!—the Sun is his father—he has only to speak the word,—and the grave will give back its prey. (*She clasps Ataliba's knees.*) Speak, my king!—have compassion upon a mother's anguish!

Ataliba. Oh, God! what does she mean?

Alonzo. We have lost our child.

Ataliba. Wretched mother!—alas, I cannot help thee—I am only a king.

Cora. To whom, then, am I to apply?—to whom, but thee, have the gods entrusted our lives?—Was it not by thee that the Peruvians were led to battle?—Did not my Alonzo fight for thee?—wilt thou refuse the only recompence we ask for all that he has done,—the life of a child who shall himself one day take arms for thy defence.

Ataliba. Crush me, ye gods! I will meet my fate with resignation!

Cora. (*Springing up.*) Oh, tyrant!—canst thou witness my

my anguish, unmoved?—Is not thy ambition yet satiated with blood?—Is it not enough, that, to every one of these diamonds hangs a drop of the vital stream?—but must thou also tear children from their mother's breasts, and cast them to the wild beasts?—Ha! what is the diadem to me? what to me the throne of Quito?—hither, hither, ye mothers, whom this victory has made childless! hither to me! help me to curse! that our misery may ascend to heaven with the exultations of this barbarian!—And, if hereafter he shall experience the anguish of only one wretched mother, he will be sufficiently tormented! (*She sinks exhausted upon the ground*)

Alonzo. (*To Ataliba, as he catches Cora in his arms*) Forgive a mother's distraction!

Ataliba. (*Wiping tears from his eyes*) The throne has no charms which can atone for witnessing such agony.

Cora. (*Smiling*) Alonzo bring me the child, that he may receive his accustomed nourishment. Inhuman, Alonzo! you see me dying, yet will not let me feast once more upon his infant smiles!

Alonzo. This complaining is more painful than even thy rage. Yes, unhappy mother! rage on, thou hast no longer a child!

Cora. (*Falling back*) Unhappy mother! thou hast no longer a child!

SCENE IX.—*Enter a PERUVIAN*

Peruvian. Rolla comes.

Ataliba and Alonzo. Rolla! (*Rolla staggers upon the stage, with a death like paleness in his countenance, the bloody sword in his right hand, and the child in his left*)

Ataliba. Oh God! what do I see!

Rolla. (*In a faint voice, and sinking upon his knee, unable to approach the fainting Cora*) Cora!—your child!

Cora. (*Opening her eyes, and seeing the child, starts up and stretches out her arms to receive him*) My child!—and covered with blood.

Rolla. (*Holding out the child to her*) It is my blood.

Cora.

Cora. (*Clasping the child to her breast*) My child!
Oh Rolla!

Rolla. I loved thee!—thou hast suspected me unjustly!
I can no more! (*He sinks down*)

Alonzo. (*Throwing himself by him*) Rolla! thou diest!

Rolla. For Cora. (*Expires*)

Cora. (*Looking with agony at the body*) Did ever man
love like this man?—Oh child too dearly purchased!

Alonzo. Las-Cafas, help me to believe in a just God!

Las-Cafas. His ways are incomprehensible!—pray to
him, and be resigned!

(*The Curtain falls.*)

END OF THE PLAY.

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Ladies' Annual Register, 1798.—page 130.

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New London Review, March.



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